



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

AT the meeting of the Toronto Methodist Conference held last week, Rev. Dr. Potts' scheme for raising a million dollars was received with enthusiasm. In church circles as well as in political bodies large amounts are talked of with great fluency, and the rotund sound of a million dollars seems as pleasing to the sanctified as to the sinful ear. Even the private individual who never has had, and who never really expects to have, more than enough to pay a week's board at any one time, can find an endless source of gratification in thinking about being a millionaire. However, there is no reason why the Toronto Methodist Conference should not raise a million dollars, or two million dollars, or ten million dollars for that matter. The very opposite should be the case, for the Methodists of this Conference have laid up a great deal of this world's goods in a climate where moth and rust are liable to do considerable damage, and where people both within and without the Conference are not unlikely to get in and divide up the hoardings rather unfairly. While perhaps the gentlemen of the cloth who sit in congresses are apt to underestimate that very human and exceedingly strong impulse noticeable even in the elect, to cling to their wealth until separated from it by the grave, yet there is little doubt but if sufficient pressure is put on the members of the Church, Ephraim may be separated from his idols a million dollars' worth at least. This may be done by the publication of the names of large subscribers to the fund, together with an intimation that, during the period of the collection at least, a man's piety is to be judged largely by the size of his donation. Coupled with this there should be a reasonably vague but quite distinct statement that no questions will be asked as to how the money was made. The proceeds of stock gambling; the profits from grinding the face of the poor; increments acquired by breaches of public trust and private confidence, would in this way be welcomed as warmly as the widow's mite, and the warmth would be in proportion to the size of the sum.

It must be remembered, however, that the spirituality of a church cannot be reckoned upon as likely to survive million-dollar booms in a conference and seventy-five thousand dollar debts on single churches. Take, for instance, the Broadway Tabernacle, which owes in the neighborhood of \$75,000. How can the meek and lowly Nazarene be properly worshipped in this palatial pile of bricks, mortar and mortgages? How, indeed, can the congregation look one another in the face and contemplate the payment of so much on the dollar as a compromise with their creditors? Isn't this getting commercial slipperiness a little too near the altar? The church was built when there were plenty of other churches in Toronto, both Methodist and otherwise. The idea was born in the pride of the human heart, in the extravagance of self-seekers and the folly of emotionalists. It is not the only example of church-building madness which can be found in Toronto. The evil of it all lies in the damage done to true religion and the excessive burdens laid upon the poor and really religious, who struggle with pitiful patience to pay more than they can really afford towards the maintenance of edifices which are neither an honor to God nor a benefit to the people. Destructive alike of the humility which should characterize the followers of Christ and the honesty of those who should incur no debts which they cannot pay, these great churches stare at the people day by day, reminding them that the costly piles neither give up in taxes to Caesar that which is Caesar's, nor even yield to the money lenders that which is in the bond. All this being incontrovertibly true, it is not strange that conferences are now beginning to deal with million dollar schemes for raising money, instead of directing the attention of the preacher and parishioner to the gentle teachings of the Saviour who had not where to lay his head, whose work in this world was not devoted to building churches, compromising mortgages, or raising a superannuation fund for his apostles. Church work appears to be degenerating into a money-raising and money-spending scheme, and an ocean of debt appears to have engulfed the flood which poured from Mount Calvary. And if the saints be so absorbed in the arithmetic of their private gains and church donations, is it wonderful that those outside the blessed pale are satisfied with the undiluted weak and beggarly elements of the world?

THIS is a time of church conferences, assemblies and congresses, and a discussion of affairs appertaining to church work is perhaps timely. Rev. J. C. Madill, of Hope Congregational church, has had his name struck off the roll of the Congregational Union. It appears that Rev. Madill has, in the estimation of his brethren, been conducting himself as a stiff-necked and unregenerate person, prone to fall into violence of speech and with a tendency to criticize his critics. This is not the exact charge, for, indeed, it is difficult to discover just what is the matter with Mr. Madill. There is a vagueness about the report brought in against him, though the matter of his suspension has been under consideration for over a year. The Congregationalists as a rule are generous almost to laxity in their discipline, and I have no reason for asserting that they had not a perfect right to rid themselves of Rev. Mr. Madill, but it does not seem right for a man to be stricken from the roll of a body of preachers for such an indefinite reason. He may not be a religious man, but there are others in the same communion who are quite as conspicuous for their lack of piety. He may be somewhat intemperate of speech, but if all the gentlemen were to be taken from the pulpit whose words are lacking in charity and brotherly kindness, either new preachers would have to be engaged or many churches shut up. What seemed to be the greatest grievance against Mr. Madill was his failure to repent as loudly and publicly as his colleagues felt was necessary to wash away his sins. His good work in Hope Congregational church might have been tempered with mercy the ruling of our Congregational brethren, even if he did not weep like a calliope or rub his face in the dust.

HEARD some people on the street car the other day talking about killing time. Going to summer resorts, taking excursions, reading novels, and other methods of killing time were discussed with an earnestness which convinced me that the chief aim of their existence was to get rid of their own society and evade their responsibilities to the greatest possible extent. Killing time is a peculiar process, and why we poor mortals who have so little time to kill should be so busy about it, is a conundrum. At best we only expect to stay alive about three score years and ten, and a score years must be taken off of this before we are really worried with what to do with ourselves and the time at our disposal. Fifty years are then left to make the least or the most of. Ninety per cent. of the people at least, devote a vast amount of attention to remaining on earth. They are afraid of catching colds, or getting killed, or being infected with some disease, and when anything threatens to shorten their days they get in a terrible funk over it. When, however, they are in good health and have plenty of leisure and money, it requires all their ingenuity to kill the time at their disposal. This seems to prove that the instinct of self-preservation, though exceedingly strong, is an instinct and is unreasoning. If these time-killers were to be logical they would solve at once the question of killing time by killing themselves. Self-murder is wicked; so is time-murder. The people who kill themselves are doing as much good for the world as those who stay alive but are useless to themselves or anybody else. As a matter of fact, what is distinctly proven by the general desire to kill time is that we put little value upon life. Our instinct is to live; our

reason is that life is not worth living. The first makes us cling to existence; the other gives us a hearty contempt for the whole business. Of course if I were going to preach I would at once point out that the soulful life with its great purpose finds the days allotted to man far too few and too short to accomplish what is desired, but what I am trying to make clear is, the facts as they exist, not the conditions which should exist.

THE arrest of a young man who has been systematically stealing from his employers again brings the question to the front, "Is it possible for young men to marry on the wages which competition forces big firms to pay?" The young man in question, it is said, was receiving seven dollars a week, though he occupied the responsible position of shipper for one of the largest wholesale firms in the city and had taken the place of other employees dismissed for suspected dishonesty. Of this

men in the city, and the prosecution was not brought by them, but worked up by the detective force and reported to the unsuspecting victims of the young man's dishonesty. I have now narrowed the subject down to one question, which is not whether the employers should have paid more, but whether the young man had any right to assume responsibilities such as he assumed on the wages which he was able to earn.

It is true that old men and laborers are often very glad to get seven dollars a week in continuous employment; it is also true that families have been brought up on this amount; but it is rarely, if ever, true that men who are above the grade of laborers are content to endure the privations and humiliations which such a small earning imposes upon them. In a warehouse a man cannot dress as he does when working in a drain, and the work does not give him an appetite for food which would be

perous without indebtedness to their neighbors or being assessed by those terrible church-builders and tax-eaters and charity collectors who are always going about. Ordinary subsistence can be had by the use of their hands, and life will cease to be a fight for appearances and a right to live in the companionship of someone who is dearer to them than wealth. The question is so serious that it demands more consideration than it is receiving. If it is not properly solved in some way we will eventually have our old women working in the fields after they are too old and their eyes too dim to ply the needle or toil in stores. The Old World furnishes plenty of examples of communities where bent and trembling women labor from early dawn till late at night at work which the average Canadian hired man would refuse to attempt. In some European fields you will see shriveled old women who begin their toil at four in the morning and can hardly drag their aching limbs to their huts long after sundown at night. When these poor old people return they carry on their backs a bundle of fagots or carry in their hands a few roots or a bundle of vegetables with which to eke out their terribly small allowance of pay. The young people of Canada may as well understand this sort of thing and, appreciating it, use their youthful energy to establish little homes for themselves on the land which is to-day almost free to those who are willing to till it.

SOME of the United States papers, particularly the *Commercial Advertiser* of New York, have since the beginning of the war been discussing the question whether urban or rural recruits are more likely to stand the hardships of the campaign. The *Commercial Advertiser* is notably a city paper, and nothing much harder on the conditions of a farmer's life has ever been published than the article which set forth the superior claims of city troops. It cannot be denied that much truth was told by this respectable and influential journal. The article is not at hand, but briefly it was to this effect: "The notion that the best, most vigorous and successful men of a city come from the country is a mistake. The conditions of modern city life are vastly superior to those of the country. The farmhouse is an ill-ventilated, badly warmed structure, with a cellar under it full of half-decayed turnips. There are no bath rooms or modern conveniences. Farmers wash themselves very seldom except when they can take a plunge in the creek or are forced by the nature of their day's work to relieve themselves of some of the acquired soil. They rise at an unwholesome hour in the morning and work till there is no light left. Their chief food is soggy potatoes and fat pork. They sell their best butter, vegetables, eggs, beef, mutton, and in fact everything they raise which is marketable, and live on what is left. Constant toil in all sorts of weather afflicts them with rheumatism, and their labors are so constant that they have no time to read or to release their spirits from the ever-brooding worry of weather and crops."

This is a pretty hard indictment of the farmer's life, and unfortunately there is too much of it true, particularly in the United States, where money is the god of the farmer as it is the chief if not the only thing worshipped in Wall street. But to make things even, let me suggest a summary of city life:—A tenement house, from four to fourteen people in a room; no meat; no ventilation; no fresh air; no trees; no access to nature or contact with domestic animals, which teach even to humankind patience and contentment; saloons at night and on Sunday; an occasional trip to a noisy watering-place; terrible heat in summer, cold in winter; a few scraps of food out of a tin can for dinner all the year around.

This as fairly describes city life as the article in the *Commercial Advertiser* describes country life. Neither is correct; both with fair accuracy describe the worst conditions. As a matter of fact, though, the majority of people in the city have sufficient comforts to induce them to remain amidst the uncertainties of employment and business rather than accept partial isolation and a certain amount of discomfort while tilling the land.

In the country the farmers are beginning to understand the necessity of having well-heated and ventilated houses. They grow vegetables for their own use; they are not afraid of cooking eggs or using butter. Butchers go about selling fresh meat. Young fellows have horses and buggies—too many, in fact, for their own good. They are well educated and take newspapers, and enjoy life on the whole much more and more wholesomely than the city men of the same class. They are more robust, and when they take to the professions or to business pursuits they almost invariably outrun their city competitors. They are men before they acquire the vices which deteriorate the human family. They are content with less, more amenable to discipline, and make, by far, better soldiers than those who have been reared with a tenement house proposition as the basis of their training.

While all this is true, it was noted during the Civil War in the United States that the Confederacy had no better regiment than what was known as the Sponage Cake Brigade from New Orleans. The men were smallish and had a tendency to effeminacy of appearance, yet they were brave as lions and stood the hardships as well as the mountaineers of Tennessee. A solitary example or a dozen examples, however, will not prove a proposition. Nervous force and education help men through many difficulties where pure muscle fails. There is no better example of this than the conduct of the Queen's Own in the Riel rebellion. Clerks, students and professional men, many of them mothers' darlings, went up against the little war with a vigor and staying power unexcelled by any rural or urban organization. It is all right if we take men of this class from a city, or if we take stalwarts like the Grenadiers, but when it comes to conscription and all sorts and conditions of men are taken, from the city on one hand and the country on the other, then the countryman is tenfold better than the overworked and underpaid artisan who has not had access to the fresh air and who has used up a great percentage of his virility in making a living.

Outside of war, if you consider the question from a purely local knowledge of the matter, it will be found that the leading business and professional men in the majority of instances are from either country towns or farms. This city recruits itself continually from men born outside, and I think it would be discovered, if a census were taken, that some of our cleverest professors, lawyers, doctors and commercial men were born in those "ill ventilated" farmhouses, nourished on "soggy potatoes and fat pork," fought their way up through all the difficulties of country schools and lack of literature in homes, and are standing the fight to-day better than the boys born in cities, no matter to what class they belong.

THE delegation which waited upon the Dominion Government asking for the opening of the canals on Sunday, stated their case so clearly and emphatically that it seems impossible that the Administration can refuse their petition. The most devout Sabatarians never insist that the ships upon which they cross the ocean shall attempt to anchor on Sunday, nor do they clamor for a through train to stop at midnight on Saturday and remain on a siding until midnight on Sunday. Neither do the people ask that wheat shall not grow, nor rains fall, nor the sun shine on the Sabbath day. This being the case, it is a piece of arrant hypocrisy and conspicuous pretentiousness



MISS INDEPENDENCE.

amount, it is said, he paid five dollars a week for his wife's board and his own, thus leaving him but two dollars for clothing and incidental expenses. One of the incidental expenses was a baby, and a great deal of sickness seems to have surrounded the coming of the little one. The young man claims that all the money he obtained from stealing went to pay expenses which were forced upon him by married life and the coming of a child. If this be true, what lesson does it teach? No doubt the young man's employers would have found it very easy to replace him at the price they paid, and the much vaunted law of supply and demand settled the amount of his wages. Had the position been occupied by a bright young fellow without any encumbrances, by persistent frugality he might not only have existed without dishonesty, but laid by a dollar or two a week. It is also possible that by living in a couple of rooms on the simplest possible fare the culprit might have existed with his wife and child and remained honest. This, however, is not the question under discussion. Sickness and paterfamilias bring trouble which cannot be calculated. The man who loves his wife and baby intensely is apt to love them much better than he cares for his employer or for any arbitrary laws which he finds in the way of obtaining what he considers essential for the care of those dependent upon them. In the instance in question the employers are amongst the most literal and kindly

relished if he were wielding a pick or a shovel. Moreover, the training of such a man and the tastes and constitution of the wife he is likely to choose, revolt against conspicuous poverty. Remembering all these things, we can conceive how great a temptation assails the man of the most gentle instincts when dire necessity forces him to contemplate dishonesty. Civilization seems to have no cure for this sort of thing; indeed, the disease appears to be outgrowing all the slight provisions that ever were made to check it. Instead of some good growing out of such hardships, evil is being born of it. Young men are refusing to marry; women are being forced to do work in public places, and the result is a continuous and not obviously wholesome contact between people of both sexes who are relying upon themselves and are gradually being freed by what seems to be an inexorable law from the marriage contracts and moralities of a simpler past.

It appears to me that those who invent some means of diverting these people to the cultivation of the land will be doing the best thing that can be done in the beginning of the new century. On little farms the newly married couples will be freed from the criticism of cold and perhaps uncharitable eyes; their rags will be unnoticed; their hard labor not commented upon. Being largely masters of the situation, they can become pros-

when Sabbatarian organizations demand that the ships which come down from the Upper Lakes must remain inactive during the Lord's day. The carrying to market of the products of the fields is as much a part of nature's plan as the growing of the grain itself. If the grain were to grow in America and rot in the fields, the people of Europe would starve. If the carrying of the grain to market is impeded by fool laws, starvation may not take place except in a limited degree, but every cent a ton which is added to the cost of carrying food to Europe is a sin against the consumer as well as the producer.

The Sabbath Observance Association devotes its time—to this time is the leisure of its members—to a systematic interference with other people's business, and it is making itself hateful and inexpressibly contemptible to the thoughtful people of Canada, not by reason of its adherence to the idea of a restful Sunday, but because, with its pin-headed perseverance, we have rest on neither Sunday nor week days from its puerile clamorings. Certainly the six days of the week should not be continually disturbed in order to have a so-called rest on Sunday. The Sabbath was ordained to afford mankind an opportunity to rest after the labors of the week. The modern notion, as exemplified by the Sabbatarians, seems to be the ringing of a gong and the burning of effigies and the beating of tom-toms all week, Sunday included, in order that somebody may be prevented from doing something necessary to the prosperity of the people and the good of the world, on the Sabbath. If the Canadian canals are shut on Sunday, Canada will lose a portion of its proper share of the grain-carrying business, and who will be the gainer? Does anyone imagine that the sailors on the ships will go to church? Their contracts as a rule forbid them leaving the ship. Will services on board the ships—this is not a joke—be impeded by the fact that the schooner or barge is going through the canal? The only pretense of an excuse is that the lock-tenders will lose their opportunity of worshipping at some orthodox shrine. All the vessels can be passed through the canal without preventing the employees of the Government from dropping their nickel into the plate at specified times. Perhaps if the Government were to endow the churches which claim to lose the attendance of canal employees, with a sum equal to the annual donations of these employees, this clamor would cease. So far it has been demonstrated that these Sabbatarian hysterics are nearly always based upon a diminution of collections. A man can attend to a canal lock in his Sunday clothes during the few hours that are asked for, and no doubt he can have his heart and soul and mind in proper order and his boots properly blacked during this period without any assistance from a few obscure lawyers and emotional persons whose existence as a Sabbatarian association is only justified by the amount of trouble they make to well-intentioned people. The Government has not shown itself any too strong in withstanding the shoutings of professional "good people," but if it denies the Sunday use to Canada of works built at public expense by people who do not believe in this hysteria, it will show itself so lamentably weak as to be a laughing-stock. The canals are not owned by the Sabbath Observance Association; they were constructed out of the taxes of people of all creeds, and much of the money was contributed by people who profess no creed, or who openly demand the Sunday use of public transportation works. The work was done on the basis of a benefit to Canada, and not to assist in the maintenance of a few people who are fluent in jabbering Scriptural phrases and parading themselves as the custodians of Canadian purity, piety and punctiliousness. The season during which the Canadian canals can be worked is short; the season during which these phrase-mongers can work is long; certainly the Government should let the people have a chance to partially catch up during the time when navigation is open with the period when the agitators' mouths are open, the period of one being only half as long as the other.

IN this same connection the people of Toronto can well afford to judge of the truth and common sense of the ultra-Sabbatarians in connection with the Sunday street car service. Who at the present moment dare say that any of the evils which were prophesied have come upon Toronto as a result of running the street cars on Sunday? I have paid some attention to this question during the last two Sundays, and I can assert that as far as the limited opportunities I obtained made it possible for me to judge, seventeen out of twenty of the occupants of the Sunday cars during the hours when church-goers were not crowding them, were women and children. Add to these the old men, and nearly nineteen out of twenty of those who were finding pleasure in a four-cent ride around the city or in visiting friends, were those who could not conveniently walk. I failed to find any loafers, or toughs, or beer-swingers, or the class of people that the Sabbatarians prophesied would crowd these public vehicles. With a year's experience, which I am confident has been similar to the two Sundays of which I speak, those who rallied against Sunday transportation on public conveyances have found no opportunity to retract the outrageous statements which they made to influence the election against Sunday cars. If the parsons, and the public meddlers, and the torturing busybodies of this city see no reason for retracting their outrageous misstatements; if in matters of canals and Sunday trains they find no lesson in experience to moderate their views, why should the Government of Canada harken to them when the navigation of public waterways is being hindered? When these people, who are always inconceivably trying to make everybody do something or force everybody to leave something undone, can afford to be so unjust, can, in fact, exist in the face of an experience which is in every detail a contradiction of their dismal prophesying and dire predictions, the Federal Government of Canada certainly should ignore their pretensions to be the custodians of public peace and purity, and proceed to let the world move without having some Sabbatarian fanatic always holding the helm.

LORD ABERDEEN in proroguing Parliament, officially bade farewell to his faithful "gentlemen of the Senate and the House of Commons." We have had many Governors and Governors-General, but none have been more conscientious in the discharge of their duty than Lord Aberdeen. As the foremost woman in social circles in Canada, Lady Aberdeen has occupied perhaps a more prominent place than the wife of any other Governor-General we have had. Lord Aberdeen has large interests in Canada, and when he retires to private life these interests—and it is to be hoped pleasant recollections of his sojourn in the Dominion—will keep alive as warm a friendship for the Canadians as the people of this country will always entertain for him. He has gone through many trying situations in the discharge of his duty, and though some may feel that he has erred on the side of mercy in small cases, the whole country will bid him good-bye firmly convinced that in the large matters of state he has invariably done his duty, frequently under the most painful circumstances. It is impossible to dwell on the details of his administration without arousing acrimonious and partisan reprisals. Though this be true, the heart of Canada says in its farewell to Lord Aberdeen, "Thou hast been a faithful steward." Don.

Social and Personal.

WEDNESDAY was an exceedingly busy day for many persons interested in social doings. The marriage of Mr. Burnett and Miss Millie Ferguson, the reception and afternoon tea at the See House, and the post-nuptial receptions of two brides, both of the name so much spoken of recently, but neither in the least related, filled up the afternoon until after six o'clock. Very shortly after luncheon, crowds of smartly-dressed women and men in top hats were seen arriving at the church doors of All Saints', where ushers and policemen showed attentions, differing in kind though not in impressiveness, to the many who were guests and the more who were gapers, such as are gathered at every smart wedding. At half-past two, nearly every seat reserved for those bidden was filled, and the bridegroom, Mr. Burnett, and his best man and brother, Dr. Burnett of Montreal, emerged from the vestry and awaited the arrival of the party from Eastlawn, the home of the bride, just across the street. Very soon appeared the ushers, Messrs. Burnett and J. A. Macdonald, followed by the first bridesmaid, Miss Ferguson, and the two other maids, Miss Burnett and Miss Frankie Ferguson. Then came the bride, tall and graceful in a robe of broad satin, and long tulle veil crowned with orange blossoms, and carrying

an immense bouquet of white roses. Mr. Justice Ferguson led his second daughter to the altar and afterwards gave her away. The service was a short one, and was performed by the rector, Rev. Arthur Baldwin, and the curate, Rev. Herbert Gwynn. The three bridesmaids wore rich rose-pink satin gowns, veiled bodies of pink chiffon, and large white picture hats with plumes, and carried bouquets of pink roses. The bride and groom passed on their way from the vestry, after signing the register, while the gentle invalid mother rose and exchanged an embrace with her cherished daughter. Then, with smiles and good wishes from everyone, the bridal party and the guests adjourned to Eastlawn, where a reception was held, and in an immense marquee on the lawn a wedding *dejeuner* enjoyed by the large party of guests and relatives assembled. In the large dining-room, on the table where so many a jolly supper and good dinner have been spread, were displayed the wedding gifts, which, needless to chronicle, were most exquisite and numerous. Silver and china, pictures and cut glass, beautiful needlework and rare gems of various descriptions fascinated the women and made all the young men think of matrimony. While the bride exchanged her *robe des noces* for a pretty traveling-dress of green and small straw hat touched with pink to correspond, the guests drank her health in sparkling champagne and congratulated themselves on the fine sunny day which opportunistly beamed upon the nuptials. Among those at the wedding were: The Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mowat, Sheriff and Mrs. Mowat, Sir Frank Smith, the Premier of Ontario and Mr. Arto Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Lady Howland, Sir George Burton and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, Mr. W. Mrs. and Miss Davidson, Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill, Mr. Nicol and Miss Winnifred Kingsmill, Judge, Mrs. and Miss Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Shepley, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mr. and the Misses MacMurchy, Mr. and the Misses Hedley, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Marsh, Mr. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. J. E. and the Misses Thompson, Mr. and the Misses Sloan, Miss Harriett Leverich, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. McDowell Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mulock, Dr. and Miss Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. Wood, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Miss Gertrude Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lount, Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney, Mrs. Frank Hilton, Colonel and Miss Yda Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wood, Mrs. Arthur Ross, Mrs. and Miss Geary, Mrs. and the Misses Chadwick, Miss Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson of London, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mrs. Hetherington, Mr. George Brooke, Mr. Lincoln Hunter, Mr. Frank McLean, Mr. Percy Maule, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mr. Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Skeaff, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. E. Douglas Armour, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Greene, Mrs. Harry Pellatt, Mrs. Edward Farrer, Mrs. and Miss Donaldson, Mr. J. B. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, the Misses Clark, Mr. Gordon Clark, Justice and Mrs. McLellan, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. C. C. Dalton, the Misses Dalton, Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, Miss Macdougall, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. and Miss Justina Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hoskins, Mr. and Miss Hoskins, Dr. and Mrs. Elliott, Dr. Caven, Mr. George Sears, Mrs. W. J. McCaughan, Mr. and Miss Matthews, and Mr. and Mrs. Ince. Among the many handsomely dressed women were: Mrs. Ferguson in a sumptuous brocade of gray and purple and bonnet to match, with a touch of burnt orange; Mrs. Burnett in black with touches of pink, and black bonnet with pink flowers; Mrs. Riddell in white silk veiled in embroidered net, and turquoise *chapeau*; those always stylish sisters, Mrs. Cawthra in rose glaze and tri-cornered black *chapeau*, and Mrs. Nesbitt in burnt orange glaze and black picture hat with black plumes and white osprey; Mrs. Kingsmill wore a pretty gray silk with tiny ruffles of pale blue; Miss Kingsmill a delicate gray gown and hat to match; Mrs. Arthur Ross had a smart beige gown with white satin front and revers of green *applique* on white satin; Miss Katie Stevenson had a very smart *blouse* frock with narrow stripes and a charmingly becoming hat; Miss Clara Geary wore a white frock and hat most *chic* and becoming; Miss Mulock wore white *moire* and a pretty little hat; Mrs. Hills wore black and lavender, and Miss Hills white and green.

An exceptionally pretty but quiet wedding took place at St. Simon's church last Wednesday morning, when Emilie Lillian, daughter of Mr. George Marks of Deer Park, and granddaughter of the late Hon. James Hervey Price of Yewberry House, Southampton, Eng., was united in marriage to Alexander Campion, son of Mr. James O'Brien of Warrington Lane, Eng. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Ernest Woods. The bride looked charming, being attired in white silk, trimmed with white roses and orange blossoms, and carrying a lovely bouquet of white roses and orchids. The bridesmaids, Miss Ritchie and Miss Florrie White, looked very pretty in white organdies over yellow silk, each carrying a bouquet of marguerites. The groomsmen was the groom's brother, Mr. Aldie O'Brien. The ushers were: Messrs. T. D. Munholland, J. Swan, J. J. Ritchie and E. W. Marks. After the ceremony a reception was held at Woodleigh, Deer Park, the residence of the bride's father. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Rev. and Mrs. Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Swan, Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Marks, Mrs. Dunbar, Mr. George Dunbar, Miss Price, Dr. and Miss Foster, Dr. Stacey, Dr. and Mrs. Fotheringham, Mr. and Mrs. Snider, Misses Swan, Munholland, Garland, O'Brien, Crean, Moore, Gibson, Mrs. Irving Walker, and others.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. W. L. Wilkinson, 21 Grange avenue, when his daughter Ethel was united in marriage to Mr. J. Sidney Barrick, son of Dr. E. J. Barrick, of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Barkwell. The bride looked charming in white organdie over white silk, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses, while the bridesmaid, Miss May Wilkinson, sister of the bride, wore white organdie over green silk, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Henry Mason, cousin of the groom, was best man. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome gold watch and chain, and to the bridesmaid a beautiful pearl crescent. The bride's traveling-dress was of pale blue cloth with gold and black satin trimmings. After a sumptuous repast the happy couple left on the 3.50 train for a tour through the Eastern and Western States, after which they will spend the summer months in Muskoka.

The marriage of Miss Thomas, 4 Grange road, to Mr. Richard Crampton of Chicago will take place on Tuesday next in St. George's church at high noon. After the ceremony there will be a *dejeuner* at the house, limited to the family and bridal party.

Mrs. and Miss Montgomery of Huron street are to spend some time at Preston Springs for the benefit of Mrs. Montgomery, whose long illness has given her devoted family so much anxiety. Mrs. Montgomery is slowly regaining her strength.

Mrs. Edgar Jarvis has been visiting her son, Mr. Beaumont Jarvis, in Grosvenor street.

Professor and Mrs. Alexander will summer at De Grassi Point.

Mrs. Sweetman was at home on Wednesday afternoon to the clergy, delegates to the Synod, and a large crowd of Toronto friends at the See House. There came the *mondaine* in her silks and laces; the secretary of the mothers' meetings in her quiet black; the rectors and curates, and the girls who would make good wives for clergymen; the slim ascetic priest who is a vowed celibate, and consequently delightfully interesting to all womankind, and the jolly old parson who has a dozen children and to whom no smart woman pays the least heed. The Church came on foot and on bicycles to the *al fresco* tea, and there also came the Premier of Ontario, who was charmed with the beauty of the growing cathedral; and many beautiful female creatures came bumping up Howland avenue in smart equipages from the wedding at Eastlawn, and sailed across the lawn to astonish the elderly delegates with whiskers of the vintage of 1860 who, by the way, were quite funny at the expense of the beauties. "I suppose she belongs to an Orange Lodge, maybe," snickered one old party, who might have come to town on a load of hay, as a radiant bride of this year flashed by in a glistening silken gown. Dear old Archdeacon Allen of Mill-

brook, with his rosetted hat moored up with ribbons and his face beaming beneath, received congratulations on his semi-centenary. The incumbent of Tottenham, a clear-cut and clever-faced parson, handsome even under one of those awfully trying dish-covers our parsons call hats; the smiling curate of All Saints', fresh from his happy task of cementing Hymen's bonds; the Provost and his sweet-faced little wife; Professor Clark of Trinity and Mrs. Clark; clergy old and young, short and tall, and neat or dusty as the case might be, and delegates in great plenty who utterly refused to be blushed. Music from an Italian orchestra filled the sunny air, a cricket match in the grassy field was in progress, and over all was the gracious presence of the refined bishop and the overflowing welcome of his sweet wife.

The Rectory, corner of Bloor street and Avenue road, was also an objective point with many callers on Wednesday and the two following days, when Mrs. James Edmund Jones received shoals of ladies, old and new friends, laden with welcomes and good wishes. The sweet little bride in her rich white bridal gown, and with the prettiest grace of manner, received her friends, assisted by her bridesmaids, Miss Heaven of Atherley and Miss Mackay of Montreal. Miss Jones presided over the tea-table. The bridesmaids in their white frocks with apple-green trimmings looked very nice, and laid up a stock of experience against the future, when they shall be in the principal's place.

Mrs. Wallbridge and Miss Jennie Wallbridge, who have been so long abroad, returned home a few days ago and took up their temporary abode at Mrs. Thompson's in John street. Everyone who knows this charming pair will welcome them back with great pleasure.

A Wednesday wedding crowded St. Mark's church, Parkdale, when Rev. Charles Inglis united in marriage Rev. J. D. McCallum of Combermere and Miss Beatrix Weston. Miss Weston's bridal robe was of white *moire* veiled in *mousseline de soie*, and trimmed with fine lace, with sash of *moire* and tulle veil, fastened with sprays of white heather sent all the way from Old Scotia to bring good fortune to the fair bride. She carried a huge bouquet of white roses. Miss Lillian Champ was maid of honor, in a dainty organdie frock over pink silk, and large leghorn hat, with pink roses and white wings. Miss Laura Weston of New York was first bridesmaid, in a lavender organdie frock and large hat trimmed with orchids. Miss Frankie Blake and Miss Edith McPhail of Rochester, nieces of the bride, were also her attendants, wearing dresses of white *mousseline* over pink silk, hats of roses and tulle, and carrying, as did all the attendant maidens, shower bouquets of pink roses tied with pink ribbons. A tiny flower-girl, Miss Trilix McPhail, strewn pink roses before the bride as she left the altar. Mr. Heber McCallum was best man, and Rev. T. W. Powell of Eglinton, brother-in-law of the bride, led her in and gave her away. The ushers were Rev. C. P. Sparling and Mr. Norman Anderson. After the marriage a reception was held at the residence of Mr. John Home, 151 Dowling avenue, a brother-in-law of the bride, where the newly-wedded couple received congratulations and good wishes. Many beautiful gifts from Kentucky, Rochester, New Orleans and New York, as well as Toronto, were admired by the guests. Mr. and Mrs. McCallum left on the five o'clock train for a honeymoon in the East, the bride wearing a natty little traveling-gown of sage green, and a pretty hat with roses and wings as garniture.

Mrs. George T. Denison's friends made a brave effort to reach Heydon Villa on Saturday afternoon, and many of them did so, in spite of a storm unequalled in force this season. Sheets of rain and chains of lightning appalled several timid women, who had essayed to reach their hostess by tram, and they cuddled together in terror and meekly followed the example of the King of France, rode out and rode home again, saying bad things of the Observatory people, who could be so ungallant as to water the tea of so sweet and dainty a little hostess. The drawing room at Heydon Villa is fortunately a very spacious *salon*, and the half-hundred guests had a jolly hour therein, while streaming skies drenched everything in sight outside. Mrs. George Denison, Jr., is still an invalid, having quite over-taxed her strength in traveling.

Miss Gzowski is welcomed back after a lengthened visit in Long Island with Mrs. Rheinlander.

Mrs. Burnett (*nee* Ferguson) will be hostess in a very nice residence in Homewood avenue. Notice of her post-nuptial receptions will appear in due time.

Two young matrons held post-nuptial receptions this week, beginning on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Alfred Jones of 117 Howland avenue received a number of callers on that day, wearing a quiet little house frock of lavender figured muslin, and her pretty hair becomingly arranged in a simple style. Mrs. Jones was assisted by Miss Merrill and Miss Hamilton More in the drawing-room, while a bevy of pretty girls poured tea and dispensed wedding-cake in the dining-room of the pretty home. The receptions continued Thursday and Friday afternoons.

Mrs. Acton Burrows and her children are leaving for a summer at Brackley Point, on the north shore of Prince Edward Island.

The many friends of Lady Burton are delighted to hear of the success of a recent operation upon the eyes, which has resulted in Lady Burton's restoration to sight, to the thankfulness of all and the great satisfaction of the kind lady herself.

Mrs. Jas. Cattermole of London is visiting her son, Dr. Cattermole of 33 Cecil street.

The R.C.Y. Club open the season on Monday evening with a dance at the Town Club House at eight o'clock. Everyone looks forward to this and the subsequent affairs at the Island Club House with great anticipations.

Mr. and Miss Sauter of Isabella street are spending the summer at Mrs. Mead's, Center Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Robinson of Beverley House have gone to England.

Mrs. and the Misses Sullivan of Gerrard street are at Preston Springs.

Mrs. Taylor of Florsheim gives an At Home next Friday afternoon from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. William Garside of Lowther avenue left on Thursday for New York, whence they sail to-day for England and an extended tour on the Continent.

Many welcomes home are given to Mrs. W. Hamilton Merritt and Miss Emily Merritt of St. George street, who have returned from England.

Several brides-elect are taking in the weddings of the week. Miss Marion Chadwick and Miss Katie Stevenson (whose marriage to Mr. Cartwright of Kingston takes place in September, I hear), were charmingly gowned and popular guests at Eastlawn.

A jolly lot of storm-bound folks made merry at Upper Canada College on Saturday afternoon, and, since the weather prevented their later attendance at the Heydon Villa tea, made the most of the good things provided at the College. The old boys were drowned out—the old boy isn't partial to water, say the profane—and the cricket match is a will-be instead of a has-been. The young boys and their girl friends cared little for that; they came to dance and dance they did, until night began to fall. The refreshments were fine, so was the music, and guests from Hamilton, Montreal, Orillia and St. Kitt's swelled a merry crowd from the city.

Mr. Albert M. Thomson, son of Mr. Wm. Thomson of 55 Walmer road, this city, has returned to his native soil after an absence of eight years. Mr. Thomson has been purser of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company between San Francisco and Panama during the past four years. His company having granted him four months' leave of absence, Mr. Thomson will spend his time visiting his relatives and renewing old acquaintances.



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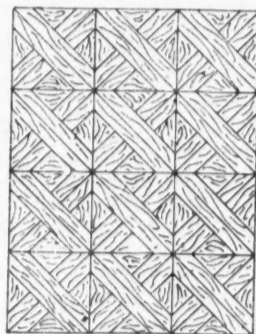
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Social and Personal.

The marriage of Herr Theodore Wihmayer and Miss Mary Mara will be celebrated quietly on July 5 at the residence of the bride's parents in Jarvis street. The bride and groom will leave immediately for Germany, where they intend residing for a couple of years. The wedding will be an exceedingly quiet one, and the guests will be only the family circle. Miss Mara has many warm friends in Toronto who will wish her every happiness on her bridal day.

Mr. Sigmund Samuel sailed for London this week, and it is an open secret that he will not return alone in August. The engagement announced some time ago will be ended by a joyous wedding, and the fair bride will be one of next winter's Toronto hostesses.

The marriage of Mr. Frederick J. Campbell and Miss Kathleen Coates will be solemnized at the Church of the Redeemer on the afternoon of June 25. Invitations are out this week for the ceremony, with a reception afterwards at the residence of the bride's parents in Madison avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell will spend the summer on the Island.

It is supposed that Mrs. McCarthy will settle in Barrie, where a very charming place has been occupied by the family for many summer holidays.

Mrs. Goldwin Smith gives a large garden party at the Grange on Thursday of next week. General and Mrs. Gascoigne will be guests of the Professor and Mrs. Smith on that occasion, and distinguished visitors from New York may also be present.

Mrs. Mackenzie's At Home at Benvenuto next Tuesday will be an affair of much interest to society.

Mrs. and the Misses Janes are at Northcote, their lovely home near Woodstock, where, I hear, they intend to spend the summer—so near, and yet so far from their many Toronto friends.

Mrs. J. G. Scott, who has been an invalid for some weeks, is now happily able to leave her room. She is much missed in many ways by a large circle.

Mrs. Castle and her daughter, Mrs. James Crowther, leave for British Columbia on a visit to Mrs. Hollyer very shortly.

Miss Ethel Mulock will go to England with her parents and her brother this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn sail for England to-day to spend the summer there and on the Continent. Mrs. Cockburn left town Tuesday morning to visit Mrs. Tait in Montreal before sailing.

Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill are among the sojourners in the far eastern beautiful suburbs of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee are also at their summer residence, Summerlees. Mr. and Mrs. Wreyford and their family have taken a nice place at Balmy Beach for the summer.

A pretty June marriage took place on Wednesday, June 1, at Jarvis street Baptist church, Toronto, when Miss Tillie Buchanan, daughter of Mr. Thomas Buchanan of Truro, Nova Scotia, became the wife of Will H. Hurst of Hurst & Burk, bankers, Gore Bay. The groom was supported by Mr. Joseph Hisey of Creemore, while Miss Lillie Cotton of Toronto was bridesmaid. The numerous presents received bore testimony to the high esteem in which both bride and groom are held.

The marriage of Dr. Gowan Ferguson of Great Falls, Mont. wa, formerly of Toronto, and Miss Willie Maupin, youngest daughter of Judge Maupin of Mobile, Alabama, took place in that city on Wednesday of last week.

Miss May Smith of 21 Pembroke street is visiting her aunt in New York.

At the Church of the Ascension on Wednesday, June 8, by Rev. G. A. Kuhring, Miss Ida Maude, daughter of Mrs. Miller, 69 D'Arcy street, was united in marriage to Mr. Richard Osler Wade. The bride wore a gown of ivory corded silk *en train*, with veil and orange blossoms, and was given away by her brother, Mr. W. H. D. Miller. The bridesmaid, Miss Eleanor Miller, wore white organdie, with green ribbons and white picture hat. The groomsmen were Mr. T. P. Stewart, Messrs. S. J. Rutherford, J. F. Holloway, H. E. Sampson and R. H. Miller officiated as ushers. Mr. T. A. Miller presided at the organ and the choir rendered appropriate music. A pleasing feature of the service was the singing of Mons. F. X. Mercier. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, after which Mr. and Mrs. Wade left for a trip on the Upper Lakes. On their return they will reside at 79 Baldwin street.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' League of School Art of Rosedale was held in the Rosedale School this week. The meeting was most interesting as giving a synopsis of the work accomplished by the League during the year, the visible results of the year's work being quite a satisfactory collection of pictures and \$150 to the good. The following are the office-bearers for the year: President, Mrs. Thom; first vice-president, Mrs. Rust; second vice-president, Mrs. Mutch; treasurer, Mrs. Montgomery; recording secretary, Miss M. Sims; corresponding secretary, Mrs. A. Cox, with Mrs. Livingstone, Mrs. W. L. Paterson, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Gunn forming the executive committee. The advisory board of gentlemen consists of: J. L. Hughes, J. Denovan, T. M. Martin, R.C.A.; R. Y. Ellis, and A. Cox. A very instructive paper on School Decoration was read by R. Y. Ellis. A delightful little tea followed and closed a very pleasant meeting.

The Young People's Association of St. Stephen's church held their annual garden party on Thursday afternoon and evening

next, the 23rd instant, in the beautiful grounds of the Macdonnell homestead, The Willows, in Bathurst street. The grounds are just a short distance below College street, and no doubt many will take the opportunity, not only of helping a good cause, but also partaking of the "high tea" which will be served from 5.30 to 7.30 p.m., and for which the ladies of this church have an enviable reputation. There will be the usual flower and candy booths, also an exhibition of curios. A band will add to the enjoyment of the evening, and it is to be hoped that "Old Probs" will be kindly disposed on that day.

A June wedding offers special inducements for making floral decorations particularly effective, and Col. Duff's house, in Kingston, was transformed into a veritable bower of flowers on the occasion of his daughter Jessie's marriage to Mr. Colin J. Noble of Toronto last Saturday morning. The fire-places in the drawing-room, where the ceremony took place, were banked with marguerites, the mantelpieces were massed with pink and white peonies and weigelia, and the wedding party stood under a handsome pink and white floral bell made of syringa and weigelia. The officiating clergyman was the bride's uncle, Rev. Professor John Mowat, D.D., of Queen's College. At the appointed hour the graceful bride entered, accompanied by her father, and preceded by her four bridesmaids, Miss Kate Fraser of Ottawa, Miss Ethelwyn Mowat of this city, and little Misses Jean and Helen Duff, daughters of Dr. Ramsay Duff. The groomsmen were Mr. D. J. Macdonald of Toronto. The bride wore a very handsome gown of ivory *peau de soie*. The skirt, with taffeta lining and dainty under frills of lace, was *en train*, and was absolutely untrimmied, the exquisite material being simple elegance in itself. The bodice was a charming combination of *peau de soie* and *chiffon*. The adjustable yoke and sleeves were of the latter filmy fabric, little corded ruchings of which were deftly arranged to form the yoke, while the epaulettes and long transparent sleeves were of finely ruffled *chiffon*. The main part of the bodice was of *peau de soie*, milliner's folds of which were laid in cross-wise groups of three, encircling back and front at intervals from yoke to waist. A novel little waistband, made of five ruchings of *chiffon*, alternating with three folds of satin, terminated at the left side with a sash of *peau de soie*, the fringed ends of which reached the hem of the skirt. The high standing collar was of ruffled *chiffon*, outlined with lilies-of-the-valley, and the delicate green of the underlying stems lent just the faintest suggestion of color to the bodice. The Brussels net veil was fastened with sprays of orange blossoms, and a shower bouquet of white roses added the finishing touch to this *chic* toilette, which was worn by as sweet and lovely a bride as one could wish to look upon. All four bridesmaids were gowned in white silk, and wore green straw hats trimmed with white silk mull and pale pink roses. Their bouquets of pink roses were gifts from the groom. The ushers were little Messrs. Max Duff and Harold Fraser. A unique feature of the wedding was that, while there were over forty guests present, all were relatives of the bride, and it was one of the happiest of family gatherings that could well be drawn together. In addition to the local contingent those from a distance were: His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario and Mr. Sheriff Mowat, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Duff and Miss Marjory Duff of Guelph; Mrs. Fraser, Mr. George L. B. Fraser, and Miss Drummond of Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. Noble left by the 1.30 train for Hartford, Conn., and thence to the sea. They will be away for a month, returning to Toronto by way of Boston and New York. The bride looked distinctly smart in her going-away gown of green corkscrew cloth, the skirt trimmed with milliner's folds of green satin, and the perfectly fitting coat trimmed back and front with groups of tucks and milliner's folds of green satin, as on the skirt. The sleeves were tucked, cross-wise, between elbow and shoulder, and the revers were covered with milliner's folds of satin. This jaunty little coat was lined with shot green and pink taffeta, and was worn over a blouse of white taffeta. The refreshing combination of green and white was also carried out in a becoming hat of rough green straw trimmed with scarf of white silk mull, and with two natural quills at the side. Brown shoes and gloves and a green silk parasol completed the *tout ensemble* of an eminently stylish traveling costume.

Society at the Capital.

THE prorogation of Parliament took place on Monday afternoon, at three o'clock, a number of people being present, though not nearly so many as at the opening, when hundreds were turned away. The floor of the Senate chamber looked gay indeed with women in pretty gowns and floral hats, so fashionable this year. Lady Aberdeen wore a gown of black broad silk with lace and *chiffon* trimmings and becoming bonnet to match. Lady Marjory Gordon wore a simple white costume, with rose-colored *sash*. The usual formalities were gone through with. The faithful, though decidedly diminished, Commons listened to His Excellency's speech in French and English. Then occurred a scene which will likely be ever remembered by those present. The Speaker of the Senate advanced and read an address to His Excellency on the eve of his departure from our midst, speaking of the affection and esteem in which he was held by Canadians and making a touching allusion to Her Excellency's work for this country. A similar address was then read by the Speaker of the House of Commons, to both of which His Excellency made a suitable reply. Then Senator Allan, of Moss Park, Toronto, advanced and made a very touching speech to Lady Aberdeen, presenting her at the same time, on behalf

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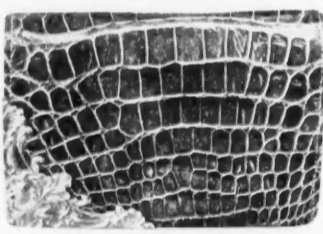
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of the Senate and House of Commons, with a hand-painted china dinner-set, the work of the Canadian Art Society. Her Excellency made a beautiful reply, and when she concluded with the words "God bless you" there was hardly a tearless eye among the many statesmen, jurists, soldiers, men and women gathered there.

Mr. Justice and Madame Lavergne, Mr. and Miss Lavergne sail on Friday, June 24, for England. After spending some time there, they will tour the Continent, probably not returning to Ottawa before the middle of September.

Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss, with her nieces, the Misses Dainty, leaves this week for her pretty country residence near Cobourg. Mr. Justice and Madame Girouard with their family left last week for Dorval, Quebec, where they have a picturesque summer cottage with the refreshing name of Quatre Vents.

Rev. Mr. Herdridge, the popular rector of St. Andrew's church, left on Friday afternoon last for Scotland. His Excellency Lord Aberdeen was among the many present at the station to wish him *bon voyage* and a safe return.

Two charming and ever welcomed visitors in town last week were the Misses Elmsley of Toronto. During their stay they were the guests of their aunt, Mrs. Edward Sherwood of Mount Sherwood. Very brilliant and very smart was the marriage on Wednesday morning last of Mr. D'Arcy Scott, youngest son of the Secretary of State, to Miss Queenie Davis, daughter of Mr. M. P. Davis. The ceremony was solemnized in St. Joseph's church, Rev. Father Constantine officiating. The floral decorations in the church could not have been improved upon. The bride's gown was of the most elaborate description. It was of white duchesse satin, the bodice being richly trimmed with *chiffon* and rare old lace. The train, which was carried by two charmingly attired little attendants, was lined with satin ruffled with folds of lace. The bride carried a magnificent bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley. Mr. Scott's best man was Mr. John Thompson of Toronto, while the bridesmaids—prettily gowned—were Miss Murphy of Montreal and Miss Agnes Davis. After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Davis held a largely attended and most successful reception at their handsome residence in Rideau street. Their Excellencies' gift was a silver box, inscribed on which was the motto, *Fortuna Sequatur*. Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott left by the afternoon train for Montreal, sailing later from Quebec for Europe, where the honeymoon is to be spent.

Mr. Frank Jones of Toronto, who has spent some time in town with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jones, left for home on Monday.

Hon. Mr. Sifton and Mrs. Sifton leave shortly for Brandon, Manitoba, where they will spend part of the summer, the remainder to be put in at Rat Portage.

Hon. Mr. Mackintosh, Mrs. Mackintosh and their daughter, Mrs. Castlemaine, who was so popular here as Miss Marion Mackintosh, are in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming. Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh have just come out from England, and as they leave shortly for the West, Ottawa will not see much of these popular ex-dwellers of the Capital.

Mrs. Fraser and Miss Fraser are in Kingston for the Duff Noble wedding. Before returning to town they will visit Sir Oliver Mowat and Miss Mowat at Government House, Toronto, who bring quite a house party from Kingston.

Mrs. George Bura was the hostess on Friday afternoon at a most delightful tennis party, such affairs being decidedly in vogue here at present.

Friday evening ushered in what was probably about the last social flicker of a dying season. It took the form of a very jolly dance, the hostess being Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss. Dancing was begun early and it was in the "wee sma' hours of the morning" before it was ended. As the dance was given in honor of the Misses Dainty of Cobourg, the majority of the guests were young people.

Miss FitzGibbon of Toronto arrived in town this week, and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Badgley of Stewart street. On Tuesday afternoon in Mrs. Dawson's drawing room Miss FitzGibbon addressed the Woman's Historical Society of Ottawa.

Lady Thompson of Derwent Lodge, Toronto, and the Misses Thompson, who have been guests at Rideau Hall, leave for home this week.

Hon. Mr. Dobell, Mrs. Dobell, and Miss Dobell bid Ottawa adieu this week; they leave on Monday for Beaumont, Quebec, Ottawa, June 14, 1908.

Thirsty Days Coming!

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BY ETHEL TURNER.

DORA lay in her small white bed with wakeful eyes staring at a ladder of white beams the summer moonlight had worked upon the ceiling.

A few feet away was another white bed and another small girl occupant, who, however, saw only dream moonbeams, as befitting the tender age of eight, at eleven o'clock. Further away still was a wide cot, where among the tossed clothes in lovely slumber two chubby cherub boys of two and three—Jimmie and Jack.

A door at the end of the room led into another bed chamber, where a night-light flung a timid brightness on the gloom. And up and down, up and down on the China matting went the soft, regular tread of bare feet. And on and on, and on went the low crooning song that seemed to have no beginning and never reached an end; a song with an odd, mournful, soothing cadence running through it all the time, though the words were almost merry at times, and the melody changed frequently.

Often there was a little wailing accompaniment to it, but the persistence of the gentle singing, and the soft tread, tread of feet, made it die away till only a sleepy sob or long-drawn sigh made other sound in the room.

Jack and Meta used often to wake and lie open-eyed a little time in the warm darkness of the night and feel glad and comforted at the sound of the low tender voice and soft moving feet over there where there was just light enough to see shadows. And Jimmie woke, too, sometimes, but he had a queer little complex soul, for all his rosy cheeks and surprising appetite. The sound used often to fill his heart with melancholy and make him cry under the clothes, though why, he had not the slightest idea.

Only Dora carped at it. She was a strange, sharp little being of twelve; even the aunts who worshipped the chubby boys and merry Meta, and the twin babies, could not bring themselves to love her warmly, though they tried conscientiously. She had been precocious all her life, but what was pretty and surprising in her when she was four or five had become at twelve quite an infirmity. The friends of the family called her an "objectionable child," and were quite afraid to say anything either to her or before her. When they came to the house they petted and played with the other children and avoided her as much as they could, making few remarks to her. Sometimes the little girl noticed it, and used to make herself miserably unhappy about it.

"Does Mrs. Mayhew only like boys, mamma?" she asked when her sharpness had observed once the rebuffs she had met with at this visitor's hands.

"Oh no," the mother said unguardedly; "she is far fonder of girls. She says she would give the world if Meta were her very own."

Dora looked over to little sunny-faced Meta.

"Why doesn't she like me?" she said anxiously.

Then the mother was confronted again with the problem that was beginning to worry her.

"How do you know she doesn't, my daughter?" she said.

Dora flung back her brown, straight hair in her peculiarly expressive way.

"Oh, I know," she said.

The mother looked anxiously at the sharp little face.

"Perhaps you didn't make yourself as agreeable to her as Meta did," she said.

"Meta didn't do anything," Dora contended, "anything at all; she just sat on her knee and showed her that old Mary Ann doll of hers, and kept bothering her to tie its bonnet and look at its pocket."

"And what did Dora do?" said the mother.

"Think carefully, dear, and tell me everything exactly."

Dora wrinkled her brow to bring it all back. She had the merit of exceeding conscientiousness.

"I asked her to spell 'phthisis' and 'embarrassment' and she wouldn't," she said; "and I told her a lot of funny things I used to say when I was young, and she didn't laugh a bit; and I told her that story father told you yesterday about Mr. Barton going about like a ravening lion trying to find a wealthy widow to devour."

Mother groaned. Mrs. Mayhew herself was a wealthy widow, and had shown signs of willingness to be devoured by that particular lion.

"Anything else?" she asked.

Dora wrinkled her brow again.

"I did tell her I thought she was just a little bit too old to wear pink roses in her bonnet," she answered, "perhaps she didn't like that, mamma. Still, she is too old; I've often heard father say so, and someone ought to tell her."

That was the keynote to her failing. Dora burned to reform the world and was surprised when it objected and showed a preference to going on in its old bad way.

Of course her mother talked to her at length, and tried to show her the error of her ways; and, of course, Dora saw the error, and was deeply sorry, and promised amendment. But equally, of course, she forgot everything about it, and was as entirely objectionable to the very next visitor.

Her father and mother seemed to spend half their time in snubbing her, but, as the former used to say, hopeless in his tone, she was absolutely "unsnubbable."

Up she used to bounce like a cork, after a minute's depression; all they could do was to trust that with the wisdom of coming years she might grow out of it.

At present she was engrossed with the Herculean task of trying to teach her mother the proper management of infants. A spinster sister of her father's had left a book on this art at the house, and begged

that it should be read and followed. But mother only smiled and put it away; she seemed to fancy that having managed to set six of them healthy and straight-limbed thus far on the road of life, she could continue to do so without book wisdom.

But Dora found the volume and studied it assiduously.

"Never take a child up from his cradle," it said, "and walk him about. It is a most foolish and injurious system. It will do him no harm to cry, and he will very soon learn it is no use, and that he may as well go to sleep. A child is never too young to be taught this."

Looking up at the moonbeam-ladder Dora repeated this to herself, and then sighed despairingly. What was the use of all that book full of wisdom, while in the next room that slow tread of bare feet sounded, and the soothing song began at the first wail of broken sleep.

Her father was away from home at present for a fortnight; Dora resolved she would urge him on his return to induce her mother to read the book, since her own entreaties were unavailing.

"Shades of darkness close not o'er us, Leave our lonely barks a while, While we still behold before us Yonder dim and distant isle."

On, on, went the soft singing; on, on, the bare, patient feet. Dora could bear it no longer at last; she slipped out of bed and stole into her mother's room.

"Let him cry," she said. "Oh, why ever don't you let him, mother? The book says the very youngest child may be taught to go to sleep by itself and thus save the young mother a world of trouble."

Mother found a touch of humor in the situation, even though it was almost midnight and she was overpowered by sleep. Such a quaint elf the child looked, with her long hair plaited in two tight pig-tails, her short nightgown, bare feet and gravely disapproving eyes.

"But I'm not a young mother," mamma said, patting soothingly at baby's restless shoulder.

"Won't you try to night? Oh, please," said Dora, passing over the frivolous remark; "put him down in the cradle by Tiny and just let him cry."

"But Tiny is asleep; I don't want her to wake too," mother said, smiling.

"Tiny could learn, too, at the same time," the grave little teacher said. "You have no idea how much easier it will be for you, mamma; just put them down, and let them cry till they tire of it."

"I didn't treat you that way," mamma said, still amused, "nor Meta, nor Jimmie, nor Jack. Why should I begin to be a Spartan with these two wee ones?"

"Oh!" said Dora, flinging her pig-tails back impatiently, "surely, mamma, it's better to turn over a new leaf than to keep on doing wrong just because you've started that way."

Mamma looked at the young wisacre helplessly, and baby seemed to scent the treason. He doubled himself up, and stretched himself out half a dozen times, like a self-acting concertina, weeping shrilly the while.

"There!" said mother annoyedly, "that is with you talking, Dora; and he was just dropping off."

Dora sat down on a chair and looked argumentative.

"The book says, too," she said, "that an infant should be accustomed to bed while there is a noise. Never keep the house still nor say 'hush' to all noises; he will sleep just as readily through music and talking if only he is once got into good habits."

Tiny evidently had not got into any such praiseworthy things, for at this point she, too, woke, and finding her twin being carried about, began to weep jealously.

"Now's the time to try," Dora said eagerly; "pop him in the cradle, mamma, and don't let us take any notice of either of them."

But mother lifted Tiny, too, out of the cradle, and carried them both up and down as if they had been no weight. When at last they consented to shut their pretty lips and blink quietly at the night-light, she turned to Dora, who was looking on despairingly.

"Go back to bed immediately," she said, "and go to sleep. What a tiresome little girl you do grow, Dora."

By morning, however, the cork was freshly buoyed again. She lifted the thermometer down from its nail on the veranda and took it into the nursery, where the silver thread stayed motionless at 98 degrees—lower, by several degrees, than other rooms in the house.

"Oh," she cried, rushing to her mother in a great state of excitement, "something will have to be done, mamma, and that very quickly. The book says attention is all necessary to the due regulation of the temperature of the nursery. During the first few weeks of an infant's life it should be kept at between 65 and 70 degrees; our nursery is 98 degrees."

Mother was bathing Tiny, while the nursemaid held the other twin in readiness for his dip. The perspiration was rolling off her face.

"My dear Doodle," she said, "that's an English book. I should prefer, myself, if our nursery were between 65 and 70."

Dora suggested cold water pipes being laid along the walls. "Oh, how would it be to have blocks of ice put there? That would soon bring the temperature down."

Mother lifted Tiny out into the big towel.

"If you'll earn the necessary money I'll have it done," she said; and even Tiny showed her pretty little gums, as if in laughter at the idea.

Dora watched the toilets discontentedly. "The twins would be far healthier if they wore clothes made of all-wool flannel," she said. "The book says it is far more hygienic, and besides that, the

young mother will be far better enjoying freedom in the open air than sitting stitching at elaborate tucks and gathers within doors."

But mother looked complacently at the dainty little garments in which she had always clothed her babies.

"Thank goodness I am not a young mother," she said, popping a fascinating little frock over Tiny's head.

Dora went away sighing.

In the nursery Jimmie and Jack were eating bread and butter on which some good-natured servant had thickly spread sugar. Dora made a quick dive at them.

"Haven't you been told you are not to eat between meals, you bad little boys?" she said, snatching the slices and flinging them out of the open window before they realized what had happened.

The bad little boys rose up to fight her. Jimmie thumped her head on the back; Jack shut his eyes, doubled his fists, and ducked his head to attack her. But she was more than twice their united ages, and a wiry little thing. She shook them by the shoulders as she had once seen a child in the street shaken; their poor little heads were agitated until they saw stars, and double doors and windows where there had only been one. Then she sat them down on the floor and went away to look for fresh worlds to conquer.

"The only way in the world to treat children!" she said, commending herself hugely. "Show them you won't be trifled with. Now, if they had begged hard, mother would have let them eat that stuff. But after my lesson I don't think they will be in a hurry to eat between meals again."

The vanquished babies sat on the spot where they had been so roughly deposited. They eyed with each other who could keep the longest and the loudest. Sometimes Jackie flung himself flat on his back and added heel music to his wrathful outcry. Sometimes when Jimmie found his voice dying down to a mere sob, he inflated his lungs afresh and yelled with new vigor.

Then into the dull room like a burst of lovely sunshine, came Meta. Oh, the sweet motherliness of the little face—the happy, smiling eyes, the tender mouth!

In her hand she carried the maltreated bread and butter, from which she had brushed much of the garden soil that had clung to it.

"Jimmie's isn't very bad," she said, beamingly, and sat down on the floor between them. "It fell on the grass with the sugar side up; but yours fell on Dora's garden, Jackie, and is a bit bad."

Jackie looked at it anxiously; then at Jimmie's slice, which showed wonderfully clean, and had lost very little of its sugar.

"Zat uzzer is mine," he said, the first temptation to a lie coming suddenly in his way.

"Oh, no, Jackie, dear," Meta said, "you know it isn't. Jimmie always takes little bites all round his to make it look pretty, and you always eat the corners off first. Look, all the corners have gone off the dirty piece."

"Zat uzzer is mine," Jackie maintained, and struggled for the possession of it.

But Jimmie, for once, neglected the artistic effect of his slice, and went hurriedly to insert his teeth in it anywhere. Meta held his chubby hand a minute.

"Poor little Jackie!" she said. "All his is dirty."

Jimmie looked unwillingly on his younger brother. "I never frowned it out," he said. "Doodle did; I don't help it detain dirty."

"Zat uzzer is mine," repeated Jackie, with a forlorn sob.

Jimmie grew excited.

"You was zuzt bitin' ze lastest corner off when Doodle tumbled, wasn't he, mither?" he cried.

"Oh, yes," said Meta. "Don't tell stories, Jackie, or mummy will cry."

Jackie's lip trembled, his hand still stretched out for the sugared piece.

"Div's yours, Jimmie," he said.

Jimmie licked a very lovely bit of sugar off and looked kindly at his less fortunate brother. Then he stretched the slice invitingly out. "You tan have a bite," he said.

Meta was still busy with Jackie's slice. There was a good deal of earth still on it, though she picked the bits off perseveringly.

"Tate anuvver," said Jimmie, feeling a pleasurable glow of generosity at the quick brightening of his brother's doleful face.

"I'll tell you," said Meta, with a sudden joyful thought, "let's halve the dirty piece—it isn't very bad—and halve the clean, and 'tend the dirty piece is meat and the clean is pudding."

"Oh, let's," said the little boys. And they had a merry feast after all, and the brown earth hurt the digestion of neither of them.

In the afternoon came a lady visitor to the house, and as the mother was out she made her way to the nursery for an hour.

Dora, as usual, took the onus of entertainment upon herself. She ordered afternoon tea and begged the lady to come down to the drawing-room to drink it.

"But perhaps your mother does not like all the little ones in her drawing-room," the lady said.

Dora laughed.

"I should think not," she said. "Jimmie and Jack smash everything they touch, and even Meta broke her little sugar-basin last week, and mother had had it fourteen years. We will leave them all here, of course."

But the visitor did not seem as overjoyed as she might have done at the prospect of a *let-a-tele* with Dora, and the painful color that had rushed to Meta's sensitive little face at the recollection of the unhappy breakage made her wish to stay and comfort her.

"I would rather have the tea here, Dora," she said, and caressed the bunch of curls Meta had pinned on the top of her head while she played she was a lion pursuing Jack.

"Oh, very well," Dora answered, with a little grown-up laugh; "but on your own head be it. There never were noisier little monkeys of children than ours."

The tea came and was distributed. Dora sitting upright on a chair and holding it in her hand in grown-up style. Meta petitioned for a little in her doll's cup, and drank it sitting on the floor with a chair for a table. And Jimmie and Jack came coaxingly around and pleaded for "zast one bikkey and one iekle drop of tea," and were given two each, and fed with great merriment with teaspoonfuls of very sweet tea, despite Dora's perpetual reminders to them that they were "worrying."

Dora then recited The Battle of Hohenlinden and The Wreck of the Hesperus without a false word. After that she said troy and avoidupis measure, conjugated the verb "parler," and gave the Latin numerals up to twenty.

The visitor would have departed hurriedly only that her train was not due for nearly an hour.

"I should like to hear what Meta can do now," she said at last, wearily.

Meta only blushed and began to undress her doll very quickly.

"Oh, Meta!" said Dora, with a laugh of good-natured scorn, "she's a dreadful little duncie yet, but I daresay she'll grow out of it when she's older. Can you believe it? She's turned eight, and the other day when she wrote to Aunt Jessie, she wanted to say 'you would be surprised to see how fat Tiny's legs are getting, and how tall Jimmie is,' and what do you think she did? Spelt 'surprised' 'serprised,' and 'getting' with one t, and 'Jimmie' with one m, and instead of 'would' she put 'wud,' and snail's 'all' through the letter instead of capital 'I'!"

But the lady only kissed Meta affectionately and said she was quite sure Aunt Jessie understood it, and loved the little letter better than if there had been no fault. At which speech Dora stared at her incredulously.

"She doesn't even know her ordinary tables," she said. "Uncle Albert is always asking her 'eight sevens' and 'nine eights,' and she never remembers."

"I did say fifty-six last time, Doodle," said Meta in a low tone, her cheeks pink.

"Yes," answered Dora; "but you said 'sixty-three,' too, for 'nine eights.'"

"Oh," said the lady, who was young and merry, "better lessons. I think nine eights and eight sevens are the most disagreeable things in the world, Meta. Don't you worry about them, pet. They'll come right when you're older. Don't let us talk about tables and lessons when it isn't time for them."

"She's a dreadful little goose about other things, too," Dora said, smiling at the same time in quite a kindly way on her sister, for whom she had the warmest affection. "What do you think? She's eight—eight and a quarter—and she's as afraid of the dark as can be. She wouldn't go upstairs after tea if there was no one there, for anything you could give her; and it's only the last month or two mother has got her into the way of going to sleep without a light. She thinks ghosts and bogies and hobgoblins come out and wander about as soon as ever it gets dark."

But Meta, who had gone redder and redder as this fault of hers was exposed, burst into tears at last, and hid her face on the visitor's knee; she was most painfully ashamed of this weakness, and Dora was constantly teasing her about it.

The lady could contain herself no longer. She drew the sobbing child on to her knee and soothed her lovingly. But on Dora she bent a wrathful look.

"You are a cruel, bad little girl, Dora," she said. "You may be clever, but I would a thousand times rather have Meta: no one could love a girl like you, Dora."

Then it was Dora's turn to go away and hide herself in a quiet room and cry. What could it be that made visitors so unkind to her? What was the fault in her that caused Meta to be always preferred?

She went over the speeches carefully, but it was a very long time before it dawned on her that she had been thoughtless in saying these things about Meta.

"She is a silly little goose about the dark," she contended to herself. "I only said just what was true. But perhaps it wasn't kind to say it before strangers; it's all right, of course, to tease her when we're alone, because it's my duty to get her out of her silly ways. But, yes, it was unkind to say it before that lady. And poor little Meta cried! Oh, how horrid of me!"

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She hastened downstairs with all despatch. The visitor had gone, and Meta, quite happy and forgetful again, was a whale swimming on the nursery floor, while Jimmie and Jack were terrified little fishes she was trying to catch and swallow.

"Oh," cried Dora, darting upon her and flinging loving arms around her neck, "I was a horrid thing, darling little Meta; do forgive me."

The whale had to sit up and think hard before it knew what it had to forgive, and in the interval the Jack-fish, grown bolder, tweaked its hair and the Jimmie-fish swam right under its nose.

"Oh," said the little girl, with her sudden, sunny smile, "it's all right, Doodle dear, I don't care."

But Dora never repented in half-measures.

"Here's my pink chocolate-box for you," she said, "and my shell necklace, and where's your Arabella, Meta? I'm going to crocheting her a new bonnet."

It was a week later, however, and at night, that the great shock came to her hitherto impregnable fortress of self-esteem, and made it begin to totter sufficiently for humanity to gain foothold.

They were all in bed as usual, and it was eleven o'clock. The twins were in their crib in the inner room, Jimmie and Jack were sound asleep, and Meta and Dora were also duly tucked beneath the clothes of their respective beds and far away in dreamland. Downstairs in the distant drawing-room there was a whist party, and mother, dressed in a pretty black gown, was sitting at a table with a pink chiffon ruffle around her neck, looking bright and young enough to deserve the term "young mother" that she had refused before.

Fanny, the nursemaid, had run up two or three times during the evening to see how the twins fared, but it was eleven o'clock now, and she was busily engaged helping the housemaid with the supper.

And something made Meta wake—made the white eyelids lift themselves off the young eyes to show them what was going on in the adjoining shadowy room. The balcony doors were open for the cool night air to blow in, and Meta's eyes saw, before they fairly realized this was no dream, a man's black figure climbing over the balcony railing just where a supporting pillar twined around with honey-suckle communicated with the ground beneath. She saw him come stealthily in through the doors, a black felt hat pulled half over his face, and watched him in absolute fascination stop lightly to the dressing-table and softly open the drawers where mother's brooches and rings and bracelets and watch reposed.

The next minute, her eyes still fixed on his broad, big back, she slipped out of bed and noiselessly into the next one. And Dora's eyes, filled with terror, were staring there too, and Dora's trembling was shaking the bed.

"Don't scream," she said to Meta in the faintest whisper.

Meta nodded faintly. In the memories of both of them was a dreadful case they had heard the servants discussing, where a burglar, interrupted in his work, had turned around and tried to kill everyone around, women and children as well as men.

"We must lie quite still," said Dora's almost inarticulate whisper. "If we don't he'll kill us."

"The twins!" gasped Meta below her breath. "If they should wake and cry he'll kill them."

Dora shuddered violently.

"Perhaps they won't wake," she said.

Meta clung to her, her heart beating wildly. "Perhaps they will," she said. Dora hid her head beneath the clothes. "Oh, hush," she said.

But Meta's starting eyes were fixed on the room beyond, where she could no longer see the man's figure, for he had put out the night-light and was using only a little lantern on his wrist.

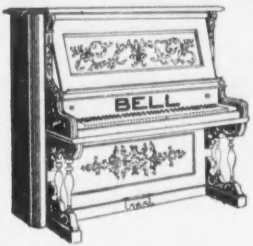
"Oh!" she said again in a piteous whisper, "perhaps they will, Dora."

"Hush!" said Dora again, and pressed the clothes still tighter around her head.

But Meta's imagination saw the man stooping over the cot, saw the faint, fair smiles of the tiny ones, then a knife blood-

"We must get father," she said.

But again Dora said "Hush," and tried



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to still her breath lest it should be heard. She was absolutely incapable of moving, and lay in her hot, stifling position almost paralyzed with terror.

But little Meta slipped out of the bed and forced her trembling limbs to carry her to the door that communicated with the two rooms. In their own room there was no other door, and the only way of reaching downstairs was through the room where the twins lay.

For one hot, terrible moment the child crouched, hidden in the flowing mosquito nets of Jimmie and Jack's cot that stood close to the door.

Dora, finding herself alone in bed, and with the new fear of her little sister's safety before her, uncovered her eyes to look, and by a faint moonbeam saw for one instant just beside their own doorway, the little nightgowned figure with its streaming curls.

The door to the passage lay at the far end of the room. On the right side stood the big bed and the little cot with its sleeping babies. On the left side stood the dressing-table and the set of drawers that the man was now rifling.

And Meta's heart failed her. To get help she must pass actually within two or three feet of him. Perhaps Dora was right, perhaps the babies would not wake, and he would go away, content with the jewelry.

But the next moment Tiny stirred the least little bit, and sighed in her baby dreams. The man turned his head sharply at the sound, and for a second seemed disposed to make an escape through the balcony door. But then he lifted his lantern higher and turned it on the cot, and found unbroken sleep there again to reassure him. So he went back to the drawers again.

And Meta was nerved now; Tiny had stirred restlessly once. Any moment now she might wake and cry—and be killed by the terrible knife she doubted not the man held in readiness in his hand.

Like a little mad thing she flew through the room and out of the door.

Dora heard her bare, pattering feet on the landing oilcloth, and then on the stairs. So light were the little feet on the bedroom carpet, the man had not heard them till they were past him; then, though he took a couple of steps after her, the flying night-gown was too swift for him. Dora heard a terrible oath, then she saw him spring across the room, through the balcony doors, and clamber over the rails.

The next minute there were shouts and sounds of men running; lights were flashing everywhere, wild confusion reigned, and the twins and Jimmie and Jack, waking simultaneously, began to cry, each in a different key.

Downstairs Meta was lying senseless on the sofa, with two ladies looking after her. The whist party will never forget that poor little, wild-eyed figure bursting in on their last rubber, sobbing, "The twins!" and "B-burglar!" in a choking voice, and fainting in a heap at their feet. The men rushed upstairs, then to give chase; the women and servants ran to comfort and reassure all the little ones and to minister to Meta.

The man was never caught, but in the hurry of his departure he had dropped nearly all the valuables he had collected, so, except for the fright and the loss of an old-fashioned ring and a brooch or two, and a bracelet, it might be said that house owed a debt to him for his unselfish call.

For no one could doubt it was the cause of the introduction of Dora and humility. Her reformation could not, perhaps, be said to be as sudden and complete as that of riotous Prince Hal, but certainly from that time "consideration like an angel came and whipped the offending Adam out of her."

For even on the occasions when she herself forgot, and grew scornful or smiled in a superior way when Meta found eight seven made sixty-three, or parsed "cat" as a verb on the ground that it "does something," her father and mother and the servants never failed to press the advantage. The word "burglar" was held ready by them, like the sharp point of a needle, to pierce the ball of her self-esteem at its smallest inflation.

Indeed, so natural and unremarkable she grew in the course of time that she was found, not unselfish, herself sugaring bread and butter for Jimmie and Jack—and that in the very same monotonous stretch of time known as "between meals."

[THE END.]

Years of Suffering.

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Mr. Geo. F. Everett, a highly respected and well known farmer of Four Falls, Victoria Co., N.B., makes the following statement: "Some years ago while working in a barn I lost my balance and fell from a beam, badly injuring my back. For years I suffered with the injury and at the same time doing all I could to remove it, but in vain. I at last gave up hopes and stopped doctoring. My back had got so bad that when I would stoop over it was almost impossible to get straightened up again. When I would move with a scythe for some little time without stopping it would pain me so that it seemed as if I could scarcely endure it, and I would lean on the handle of my scythe in order to get ease and straighten up. At other times I would be laid up entirely. After some years of suffering I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to try one box. Before I had finished it I saw the pills were helping me. I bought six boxes more and the seven boxes completely cured me. It is three years since I took them and my back has not troubled me since. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an invaluable medicine and I highly recommend them to any person suffering likewise. I consider that if I had paid \$10 a box for them they would be a cheap medicine."

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On the Cards.

Black and White.

"CAN you tell fortunes?" she asked, leaning her elbows on the table and shuffling the cards.

"Some people's. Shall I try your mother's?" Her mother was dozing in the armchair by the fire.

"Oh, don't be silly. Mum's fortune is told."

"Poor mamma!"

"Well, you know what I mean—all that's worth telling. She refused the fair man and married the dark one; wasn't very rich and wasn't very poor—quite poor enough!" She shrugged her shoulders and made a dainty grimace—alas! unnamable. "Had two tiresome boys and one very nice girl—voilà moi!"

"Who was an incorrigible little flirt and tease," I suggested bitterly.

"Fortunes don't go into such details about secondary persons, even if they happened to be true; which they aren't."

"Oh, yes, they do."

"Since you know so much about it, you can tell mine." She scattered the cards toward me with a crash. "It's all right, mum; I'm only throwing the cards at Cousin Harry." Her mother gave a sleepy smile and returned to her slumbers.

"You mustn't blame me if the cards are unfavorable."

"I shall know you've made it up if they are."

"I wouldn't dream of jesting upon such a subject," I assured her. "Fortune telling follows certain essential principles, which are immutable, and—"

"Should be practiced, not preached. Go on."

"To start with, then, you are the Queen of Hearts."

"Why?"

"Because the Queen of Hearts represents feminine beauty and charm."

"Oh!" she leaned back and laughed. "If you are only going to flatter me I won't listen."

"I merely state a fact. You are the Queen of Hearts."

"No, I'm not. I'm spades or clubs, because I'm dark."

"Excuse me, it is not a matter merely of complexion, but of general appearance. Spades represent plain people, diamonds passable people, clubs nice-looking people, and hearts very nice-looking people. Therefore you are the Queen of Hearts."

"Lots of people wouldn't consider me good-looking at all." Her tone invited contradiction.

"Very likely not." She flashed an indignant glance at me. "But the fortune teller is the sole judge on these occasions."

"I'm glad the fortune teller is so appreciative. Of course, I know you're only pretending." She looked at me for denial, but I busied myself with the cards. "Go on!" she cried.

"First I shuffle the cards—so. Then I cut them—so. Now I place my hand on them—so. You place your hand on top of mine." She did. "Now I place my other hand on top of yours—so—and you put your other hand on top of mine."

"I never heard of this before," said she, doubtfully. Neither did I, but it had occurred to me as an improvement.

"Now you must sit quite still and silent for a full minute."

"I know I shall laugh."

"Then the fortune will be spoiled."

"I don't believe it's necessary."

"Yes it is—to place the teller and teller in rapport."

"But we aren't. We always quarrel—at least, you do."

"Couldn't we be, just for a minute, Milly?" I didn't mean to speak seriously, but I did.

She nodded gravely, and I sat looking at and watching the pink color steal over her pretty face. I think it must have been two minutes that we sat like that, during which I forgave all her little wickednesses.

"There!" said I, reluctantly. "Now for the fortune. Cut the cards, Milly. The fortune must be your own making."

"You have made me feel quite serious," said she with a nervous little laugh.

"It is going to be a serious fortune," I meant it to be.

"Then—then won't you cut too, Harry?" To represent other people I don't like all the responsibility. Please. So I cut too. It didn't matter, you see, because I looked at the cards before I put them down in the shape of an open fan round the Queen of Hearts. Of course, I don't know anything about fortune-telling, really.

"The disposition of the cards," I said gravely, "indicates many possibilities of happiness and good fortune, if you take your opportunities; but much is left to your own decision."

"What a nuisance! Don't they say how I shall decide?" I shook my head.

"The hearts near the queen show that you are and will be much liked and admired."

"I believe you're making it up."

"The three kings next to her indicate three admirers—perhaps lovers."

"Whoever can they be?"

"The King of Clubs, with the other clubs close by, I take to be a soldier—good-looking, dashing, and, from the diamonds in the same line, not badly off. The hearts at the end of the line denote that you have given him some encouragement."

"I'm sure I haven't," said she, with warmth. Of course she knew I meant Capt. Richards. "The cards are wrong."

"Perhaps they mean that you will do so," I said enquiringly; but she twisted up her handkerchief and made no answer.

"The King of Diamonds, with spades following, means an elderly suitor who has prospered in trade. He is shown by

the diamonds, ending with the knave, to have made a fortune and retired, handing over the business to his son." I meant old Parsley.

"I call it very unkind of you, Harry." Her lip dropped a little, and I hastened to apologize.

"It isn't my doing. It's the cards."

"Well, you know it isn't true. It's only—"

"she looked over her shoulder to see that her mother was still asleep—"

"mamma's silliness. Why, he's as old as dad; and I wouldn't. You know I wouldn't."

"The cards leave it to you, Milly."

"Don't you believe me?" She looked quite hurt.

"Of course—if you say so." I patted her hand which was lying on the table, but she drew it sharply away and rubbed the touch off with her handkerchief.

"Well? The King of Hearts? What does he mean?"

"I considered a moment. 'The King of Hearts,' I pronounced slowly, 'means a handsome young fellow who paid you a great deal of attention when you were staying with the Queen of Clubs, a dark relative—probably your aunt.'"

"I won't listen to another word!" she cried indignantly. "It's a nasty, horrid fortune, and quite untrue. There!"

"Very well. 'I made as if I would sweep the cards together.'"

"Don't be disagreeable." She looked at me reproachfully, with one of her kaleidoscopic changes. "I want to hear it—my proper fortune—not nonsense."

"Well, isn't this true?"

"No, it isn't."

"Didn't he pay you a lot of attention?"

"Young Jephson?"

"Yes." He was the rival I really feared.

"Nothing special."

"So many pay you attention that you think nothing of it."

"You silly fellow!" said she, scornfully. "Why, he's almost engaged to Cousin Annie. I felt as though a weight was taken off me."

"Why, I said, 'how stupid of me! She must be the dark lady, I suppose. I ought to have connected him with her instead of with you.'"

"I don't believe you understand the fortune business a bit."

"It's very difficult," I apologized. "But you see the cards are all right, when you read them properly."

"What else do they say?"

"The next point is money. The seven of diamonds, next to the knave of clubs—probably your uncle—indicates a legacy; and—"

"No, no," she interrupted. "I don't want to know about money."

"Well, the duration of life is shown by—"

"That doesn't matter," said she, quickly, shrugging her shoulders.

"Then I hardly know what else there is to tell." I looked at her doubtfully. There was one thing only that I wanted to tell her. "What do you want to know, Milly?"

She put her elbow on the table and rested her head on her hand. Then she laughed uneasily, and I held my breath for a moment.

"Isn't there—I mean did you finish with—the—the admirers, as you call them?"

"There is another," I told her, "but he is hardly worth mentioning."

"Why not? Because he doesn't care for—doesn't admire, or whatever you call it—much?"

"Oh no! But he's poor, you see. Being only the King of Spades, he has to work for his living, so he admires at a distance. There are two cards between him and her, you see."

"But," said she, very gently, "they are hearts."

"Yes," said I, "they are hearts; being two, they show that he is distant related."

"We are second cousins really."

"They indicate that he is very fond of her, but leave it doubtful if she is more than slightly attached to him." I looked appealingly to her, but her eyes were cast down.

"How do you make that out?" she asked at length.

"The card next to her is the two, but that by him is the ten, which means great affection."

"What does the rest of the line mean?"

"The nine of spades, on the other side of the king, shows that he has a great deal more work to do before he can be in a position to ask the knave of hearts—her father—for her hand. Meanwhile the eight of spades and the ace of clubs show that he must toil at some risk in a land across the sea."

She clasped her hands suddenly and looked up.

"Oh, no, no," she cried.

"Yes," I said quietly and sadly. "Where?" Her dainty mouth was quivering.

"The cards do not say. But it is the Cape, I believe, where a relative has offered him a good berth."

We looked at the cards in dismal silence for a while. Then she smiled at me ever so brightly.

"There is the ace of hearts at the end of the line, Harry," she whispered. "What does that mean?"

I took the hand near me gently in mine.

"I think, Milly," I said earnestly, "it must be my heart because it is over by you. Will you have it, dear?"

She looked down for a moment, then pushed it gently toward me. "I think," she said, "it must be my heart—which is going over the sea with you!"

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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Dramatic Notes.

THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN, the melodrama in which Florence used to star with such effect, has been put on by the Beryl Hope Stock Company this week at the Toronto Opera House. If the first night is anything to go by—and it generally is—the audiences at that popular theater have again this week been large and enthusiastic, and it is evident that a good thing at a bargain will draw occasionally in spite of the bloom in 'eat. In witnessing revivals of old or comparatively old plays one is struck by their similarity to plays which purport to be new. It would seem as if all belonged to the same crop of life were not aware that the play in question ante-dated the others very considerably. It is a sad give-away to modern writers of melodramas when a piece of a decade or more ago seems as fresh and original, or the reverse, as the latest up-to-date productions. In a hazy sort of way it seems to suggest the source of the inspiration of the modern fellow.

The character of James Dalton, the forger, burglar and rascal generally, is much better drawn than is the bad man usually in pieces like the Ticket-of-Leave Man, and Mr. Harrington Reynolds, who played the part in a revival of the piece in Drury Lane, London, a couple of years ago, is excellent. Mr. Hansel, as Robert Brierly, was not so well suited as he was in the farce last week. Miss Hope, on the contrary, shows that the emotional role is her style. If all Lancashire lads are as lucky in regard to sweethearts as Bob was, Lancashire should be advertised to emigrants.

The Ticket-of-Leave Man is one of the longest plays I have attended for some time. "An interval of three years and a half between the first and second acts. Intervals of six and four months between the second and third, and third and fourth acts, respectively." The fourth and fifth, however, by way of some slight atonement, "take place on the same day." Is it any wonder that ice-water is "passed through the audience?"

While things theatrical are more or less in a state of somnolence in this country at this time of year, in London they take on a new energy. Ragged Robin, Mr. Tree's new play, will be produced for the first time at Her Majesty's theater on June 18. The theater will be closed but a few nights previously to allow for rehearsal and for the arrangement of scenery and other properties. The scenery, according to the London Mail, will be unusually beautiful and elaborate. "The Dorset landscape of the first act is to be no familiar arch of interlacing boughs, fretted like a valentine, and affording peeps of distant country on a palpable backcloth beyond. The usual straight pieces, masking the side entrances, and known as 'wings,' are to disappear. . . . Orchards have been seen on the stage before. There was an apple tree of which gossipiers yet talk in Olivia at the Lyceum; and the exquisite reality of Mr. Tree's garden in The Village Priest might have led even a Jefferies to regard the stage with a forgiving eye. But the orchard of Farmer Stokes will be, we are promised, a veritable revelation. A grove of trees heavy with blossom will fringe the brow of the hill, below and beyond which will be visible the thatched roofs and the spire of the village. The meadow land will be a carpet of buttercups and daisies, as real as the famed artificial flower-makers of Paris can fashion them. Lila bushes in full bloom will hedge the path to the farm. And a fragrant fairy land of blossom will be revealed in the summer sunset and the glimmering."

A correspondent writes:—"The greatest sensation of the new autumn drama at Drury Lane will be that which takes place in a scene representing a popular pleasure resort. A hundred and fifty people will, I understand, crowd the stage. It is a Bank Holiday, and the chief feature of the entertainment is a balloon ascent. Everything is ready; the balloon—a real balloon—is poised in mid-air; the ropes are about to be released, when the villain of the play—hotly pursued by the detectives—rushes breathlessly into the crowd. Escape is barred in every direction but one. The balloon is released, and the fugitive sees his chance. He leaps into the car, and up goes the balloon amid the tumult of the spectators. And by a wonderful mechanical contrivance, the balloon is seen soaring higher and higher into the air, bearing the culprit snatched from the clutches of the law. I should say that this effect—a reversal of the celebrated diving scene—will eclipse everything that has been attempted hitherto, even at Drury Lane."

East Lynne will be next week's attraction at the Toronto.

Our Soprano (sings)—And all the ladies they smile at me—Voice—They're lads at yer, miss.—Pick-Me-Up.

Sporting Comment.

PERHAPS after "Ladies' Day" at Epsom Downs, and the Henley regatta, the annual cricket match between Eton and Harrow schools is the principal social summer event in England. English ladies enjoy cricket, and readers who have attended county matches will have noticed the great interest the gentler sex take in the progress of a game. Of course, a cricket ground is a splendid place, like all other places where crowds assemble, to display a new gown or a stylish hat; to meet old friends and make new acquaintances; to indulge in innocent flirtations, pretty speeches, gentle quizzes and sharp criticisms. For the most part, however, the English lady attends a cricket match because she enjoys the game. It is no uncommon thing to meet with ladies who themselves handle the willow with remarkable dexterity, and who can throw a cricket ball as well, or nearly as well, as some of our Canadian girls can fling a baseball. Women, as a rule, however, cannot throw; they are not built that way. They have a knack of getting their arm and ball mixed up with their skirts, and a peculiar unprofessional delivery is the result. It is told of Tom Walker, the once famous cricketer, that he used to practice batting in the winter, and that on one occasion he got his daughters to bowl for him. Walker discovered the fact that when the girls managed to get a ball straight the peculiarity of the delivery made it difficult to play; and "round arm" bowling found its origin in this way. A few years ago I witnessed an interesting game in which the opposing sides were composed of eighteen young ladies and eleven gentlemen, the latter being compelled to bat, bowl, and field with their right hand tied behind them. On another occasion I saw a match played exclusively by ladies, some of whom exhibited a marked degree of skill. They would have furnished pointers in profusion for the would-be cricketer of the male persuasion whose chief qualification is getting out first ball, and then making all his friends on the field tired by repeatedly asserting how "the beastly thing broke" just when he was preparing to drive it to the boundary, and "how he ought to have played it." The amazons of the Old Land are found chiefly among the society girls of the country districts, who lose none of their grace or dignity because they participate in some of the sports in which their brothers engage. There are those who hold that this sort of thing has a tendency to demoralization, and that ladies are rendered less womanly because of their indulgence in robust exercises. But these people are getting fewer every day. I myself don't and never did believe it. A woman's virtues, to my mind, do not lie in her paring her fingernails, reading novels and playing the piano. Half an hour at the cricket-nets, a five-mile tramp at the golf links, or an hour spent between the tennis netting or at the racquet court, will do her ten thousand times more good, even if she does render herself liable to the appellation of "new woman," than if she led a lazy, lackadaisical life, relieved only by the dissipations of society "functions."

The latest novelty in the shape of a cricket match in which ladies engaged is one played in England a couple of weeks ago. In this case the gentlemen played with broomsticks and bowled left-handed. The ladies won.

An "answer to correspondents" appearing in the London Sporting Life, and penned undoubtedly by Tomkins, the old professional, than whom, possibly, a better authority upon cricket could not be found, may be interesting alike to Canadian players and umpires. Whilst a batsman was in the act of striking a ball his bat fell off and dislodged one of the balls. The umpire, being appealed to, responded with a prompt "not out." The point, regarded by many as a knotty one, was referred to the Sporting Life for settlement, and the sporting editor ruled that the bat continued to be part of the batsman's person; that the umpire's decision was at fault, and that the batsman was out.

The first match between the English counties of Surrey and Gloucestershire resulted in a brilliant win for the "cockneys" by an innings and 103 runs. Surrey declared on the loss of four wickets when they had scored five hundred runs. Brockwell made 105, and Able and Jephson 104 and 100, not out, respectively.

Monday's match between Toronto-Rosedale and Upper Canada College cricket clubs goes to show that the remarks made in this column last week concerning the College lads were fully justified. The principal club of the city can scarcely rely being "boy-beaten," but when the excellence of the bowling of Hills and Macleod is taken into account, the Toronto-Rosedales have nothing to be ashamed of. It is to the youngsters that Canada may look for her cricketers of the future, and the day is not far distant when A. J. Hills and N. T. Macleod should find places on any international eleven that may be selected. They are a couple of sturdy all-round players, and with the bat as well as with the ball were chiefly responsible for the very creditable victory which the College achieved in the match under notice. The totals were: Toronto-Rosedale, 4; Upper Canada College, 60.

There were several matches on Saturday. Parkdale defeated Bishop Ridley College at Exhibition Grounds, Arthur Chambers, as usual, playing good cricket; Upper Canada College, Past vs. Present, resulted in a win for the latter; Hamilton made a miserable showing against Trinity College School, and at St. Catharines the St. Alban's of Toronto secured a single innings victory over the Bishop Ridley Club. St. Alban's have a good bowler in Hornbrook, whose analysis showed nine for five in the first and seven for eleven in the second innings—a very creditable bit

of business. S. Fellows played a faultless forty-eight not out for the winners.

Those who saw the Cornwalls beat the Torontos five goals to one, with the rain coming down like a flood last Saturday, saw a fairly good team gain a victory over a stronger one. From the blow of the whistle which put the ball into motion for the first time, until the last goal was scored for the Cornwalls, it was evident that the Torontos, both as individual players and in combination, were a faster aggregation than their opponents. The homes worked like horses and the ball was theirs three-quarters of the time. They checked their men hard, took every chance and kept right after the ball. Whatever else the team is and is not, it certainly is in good condition. Time after time Gamble came charging out of center with the ball on his stick, and fairly ran around the Cornwall men between him and their goal. As a sprinter, no one on the field could touch him. Moran also did enough work to kill a horse and wagon, and was a good second to Gamble as a sprinter. In fact, were it not for one thing Toronto lacrosse enthusiasts would have every reason to feel satisfied with the team. As stick-handlers they are clever; as fancy-combination workers they are pretty and artistic. As runners they can't be passed. But they seem to forget a trifling detail, and this has cost them two games already. They don't score. Now, scoring is a most advisable thing in lacrosse. It makes the game more exciting to the spectators and is useful in other ways. A team may be the strongest in the world, but if it doesn't score it has nothing to show for it, and the lacrosse enthusiast can't go around and blow. Speaking reverently, it was a noticeable point of difference between the playing of Cornwall and Toronto that though Cornwall had only about half the chances to shoot that Toronto did, she did shoot every time. Toronto, on the other hand, toiled the ball from man to man in front of goal until the defence became so hot that they lost the ball and a chance to score at the same time. Cornwall would rush straight at the Toronto flags. If she was checked in time she lost the ball; if she wasn't, she shot. Allan stopped them as a general thing, but there were five exceptions. Moran shot Toronto's only goal by adopting much the same tactics. He rushed it down the side and shot at an acute angle without a pause. He probably saw a gap of a foot or so between the posts. In this world it is often wise to take a chance. A shot that is hard to make is generally difficult to stop. A chance shot from a scrimmage is harder for the goal-keeper to see than a clean shot from the open, be it ever so strong. As soon as the Toronto Lacrosse team acquires the gentle habit of scoring, their reputation as first-class players of the national game will grow to the proportions the work of the team merits in other respects.

I was impressed by the style of the two veteran White brothers of the Cornwall team. Cool, tireless and always turning up at the right moment, they nevertheless appeared to be taking things easily. Their long-legged run looked slow until a short-stepped man got along side of them. The two seemed to understand each other perfectly. One was on the defence, the other played on the home. There would be a skirmish down near the Cornwall goal, every body working with shoulders, feet and stick with frantic eagerness. Away down the field one might notice one of the Indians getting away from his check and quietly stationing himself in an open position. Then looking back to the Cornwall end you would see his brother quietly pick the ball out of the crowd and invariably pass it down to where the other stood expecting it. It was interesting to compare the playing of the representatives of the people that invented or evolved the game, and the people who borrowed it—the Indian brothers, cool, stoical in fact, never exerting themselves unnecessarily, perfect in judgment, skilful and strong, yet never brilliant; and the hotter-blooded white men, all vim and dash, and excitement, working as if their lives depended on it and sometimes making blunders in their eagerness. I suppose there is no question which is the stronger—the cold-blooded or the hot-blooded race—but in a game like lacrosse there is also no doubt as to the most reliable in a crisis.

The bicycle racing season in Toronto opened at the Island track on Tuesday night. Postponed events are always, or nearly always, poorly attended, and Tuesday, in any event, is not a night that people turn out with any degree of unanimity. That it is too early in the week, or too long before or after pay day, or



POLITICS.

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The programme, as it stood without Taylor, the French champion, was a very good one. The novice was well contested and fast, one of the heats being won in 2:21.45. The professional handicap was an easy thing for McCarthy. The one-mile tandem race was first-rate, the sprint of a quarter between Greatrix and Boake and Hutchins and Middleton being one of the closest and most exciting finishes of the evening. The Buffalo tandem seemed surprised when the Canadians shot by them on the last lap. The Australian pursuit race was interesting at first. But when Smith caught French and Shortt passed Coleman, and the race developed into a labored plugging of the remaining two, it lost its interest from an ordinary spectator's point of view. There is no doubt that it is about as clear a test of pure grit and endurance as is possible on a bicycle in a middle distance, and to the friends of the contestants and the riders themselves it is no doubt exciting, but otherwise, though the men may be tearing their hearts out, as a spectacular feature it is slow. The race was stopped after seven miles, and the riders, after see-sawing, first one man gaining, then the other, for upwards of three-quarters of an hour, were exactly at the relative positions in which they started. I understand it is to be settled by a five-mile match race next Tuesday, when Taylor is expected to show up for his race with McLeod. McLeod wound up the programme by going ten miles in 20:31 2.5, paced by triplets.

The season's programme for the Toronto Swimming Club is as follows:

June—
Sat. 11.—Opening Island Club House.
Sat. 11.—Organizing life saving class and polo teams.
July—
Wed. 18.—20 yards team race.
Wed. 22.—Members' night.
Sat. 25.—100 yards, timing for stars.
Wed. 28.—1 mile race (ser.)
August—
Sat. 2.—Captaincy race (1 mile).
Wed. 6.—1 mile handicap and water polo.
Sat. 9.—200 yards handicap and water polo match (Toronto Canoe Club).
Wed. 13.—Life-saving drill and water polo.
Sat. 16.—220 yards race (scratch).
Wed. 20.—100 yards handicap and water polo.
Sat. 23.—100 yards team race.
Wed. 27.—Life-saving drill and water polo.
Sat. 30.—Annual tournament.
September—
Wed. 3.—Members' night—distribution of prizes.
Sat. 6.—Rescue competition.
Wed. 10.—100 yards handicap and water polo.
Sat. 13.—1 mile race.
Wed. 17.—Life-saving drill and water polo.
Sat. 20.—Water polo match.
Wed. 24.—100 yards handicap and water polo.
Sat. 27.—100 yards team race.
Wed. 31.—Members' night.
October—
Sat. 3.—Examination life-saving class.
Wed. 7.—Final 100 yards handicap.

On the Rosedale Links.

THINGS are going merrily on at the Rosedale Golf Club. On Monday afternoon the finals were played off in the handicap for an exceedingly handsome prize, given by the president of the ladies' club, Mrs. John Kay. It was a very

chaste and most appropriate pin, composed of two gold golf clubs, a cleek and a driver, lying parallel and held together by a small flag, red-enamelled, on either side

of which lay a pearl. Miss Nettie Lawder, who has recently played up to very nearly first place in the club, was the fortunate winner, but only after a very close run. In her final round with Mrs. Jackson the score was tie at the eighteenth hole. Another round of nine holes was decided upon. The first three went to Mrs. Jackson, who captured them very prettily, but Miss Lawder was too strong an opponent, and won, two up and one to play, thereby becoming possessed of one of the prettiest little trophies ever won on the R. G. C. Links. An elaborate tea at the club-house, also given by Mrs. Kay, followed the match, at which most of the members were present.

The return match between the Fernhill and Rosedale Clubs, which was to have come off on June 15, has been postponed at the request of the former club until later on in the season. Meantime the Rosedales are not allowing the grass to grow under their feet. Last year the two clubs were very evenly matched and the games were all excitingly close. This year the proverbial ups and downs of golf are apparent in the fact that the Fernhills won the first match of the season on their own links by an unmentionable number of holes, and with the remembrance still fresh in their minds the Rosedales are practicing for revenge, although they are very much handicapped by being short of two or three of their best players. Others, however, are coming to the front, and the next match will hardly be such a runaway one for the East-enders. Miss Ethel White is playing such a pretty game this year, and one so difficult to meet, that in her alone the Fernhills have a host, but Miss Rose Davidson and Miss Lawder are formidable opponents, to say nothing of the Rosedale dark horse. The next match is being anticipated with much interest.

Mrs. Archie Campbell has offered a prize to be played for at the end of the month. The match will be a handicap one.

The ladies scored a distinct triumph at the match a few days ago between the two pros.—Ritchie of the Rosedale Club, and Smith of the Torontos. As everyone knows, it is an unpardonable offence for any one to speak or in any way disturb a golfer who is in the act of playing, or addressing, his ball. The result is usually fatal to success, especially to a nervous player. At the match in question over a hundred enthusiastic golfers followed the players over the links, despite the fact that it was raining most of the time. And those most interested in the match and its outcome noticed with pleasure, and some little surprise, that the ladies present—and there were many—not only kept well out of the way, but were absolutely and most commendably silent the whole way around. The only talker, and the only disturbing element, was a man, who was either ignorant of the first rule of golf or carelessly disregarded it. Whichever it was, it brought a triumphant smile to the face of every lady present.

M. G.

Children's Appetites.

AT a place in the West which the Chicago Evening Record calls Fadville—presumably an imaginary place—the ladies sit in the village council, and are very much "up to date," especially in all matters concerning sanitation, diet, and the care of children. Not long ago Mrs. Minerva Sheldon, a member of the village board, rose in her place and offered a new ordinance. In her speech introducing the ordinance she said that she had lately called on a mother who was the proud possessor of a two-year-old child. The visitor was struck by the child's brightness and beauty, and its apparent good health.

"I concluded, naturally," Mrs. Sheldon said, "that I was gazing on the product of our most advanced ideas in that child. Imagine, then, my amazement when I heard that baby ask for a piece of bread and butter and sugar, and when I saw that mother promptly accede to the unwholesome request."

"I looked at my watch. It was just three o'clock. By every rule that the most careful students have laid down, that baby should not have been hungry for three hours. And yet it ate that big slice of bread as ravenously as if it had been a puppy, or any other of the lower animals."

"I felt it my duty to remonstrate with that mother, and I did so at much length. She heard me calmly to the end, that unthinking mother did, and then she smiled—actually smiled! She said she could not agree with me, and that she proposed to go on feeding that baby at three o'clock in the afternoon, or at any other time when it was hungry. There are other

cases of this kind in Fadville, and the time has come to act."

Mrs. Minerva Sheldon therefore proposed the following ordinance, which was adopted by a large majority:

"Section 1.—Children between the ages of one month and seven years shall be so trained that they shall feel hungry only at the hours of eight o'clock a.m., twelve o'clock noon, and six o'clock p.m. They shall on no account be hungry at any other hour, nor just before going to bed. They shall not be permitted to waken in the night and call or cry for something to eat."

"Section 2.—Parents or guardians shall not be allowed to feed their children except at the hours designated in Section 1 of this ordinance; nor shall they permit their children to flich, purloin, steal, take, swipe or hook any kind of food, tart, fruit, sweetmeat or jam at any time."

"Section 3.—Parents shall be governed in the choice of such foods as their children may eat by a standing committee on gastronomy, to be appointed by the president of the village board."

"Section 4.—Any person violating any section or provision of this ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be subject to a fine not to exceed one hundred dollars for every such offence, or to an imprisonment not to exceed one month in the county jail, or to both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court."

"Section 5.—This ordinance shall be in effect on and after its passage."

Crowning the King of the Scottish Gipsies.

London Daily Mail.

WITH much quaint pomp and ceremony, and in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators, a gipsy king was crowned yesterday on Kirk Yetholm Green.

The chosen of the Romany tribe is named Charles Blythe Rutherford. He has passed the age of three score and ten, and besides being crowned king his gipsy subjects also proclaimed him Earl of Little Egypt.

Prince Charles, as he is familiarly termed, is a fine specimen of manhood. It is years since he gave up the roving habits of his tribe and devoted himself to the more prosaic occupation of keeping a lodging-house in the village of Kirk Yetholm, but his admirers proudly proclaim that he is descended from the Royal gipsy houses of Faa, Blythe, and Rutherford.

Charles Blythe Rutherford's mother was Queen Esther, the last gipsy sovereign crowned at Yetholm. Esther does not appear to have been too heavily endowed with this world's goods, seeing that she applied for parish relief and was refused on the ground that she had visible means of support as a "mugger"—that is to say, she possessed a horse and cart to convey her mugs to the customers who patronized her. The gipsy queen was offered admission to the poor-house, but refused, and lived on until 1883 in her own "palace," a low, one-storied, white-washed cottage, with an open-hearth fire, the smoke from which passed out through a hole in the roof. Quite recently Charles himself removed into this "palace," the lodging-house not having proved a lucrative investment.

The "Archbishop of Yetholm," who placed the crown on the Romany monarch's brow, was Mr. Gladstone, the village blacksmith, whose father crowned Prince Charles's mother, and whose family are said to possess the hereditary privilege of crowning the gipsy sovereigns. The crown itself was made of tin, adorned with tinzel and surmounted by a thistle, and the archbishop, in performing the coronation ceremony, delivered a speech in the Romany tongue. After Prince Charles had duly responded, a procession was formed, in which mounted men, a brass band, a mace-bearer and herald preceded the Royal carriage drawn by six asses, and after the neighboring villages had been visited, the proceedings wound up with athletic sports, a public dinner, and a dance.

It is, of course, in its associations with the past that the interest of yesterday's ceremony lies. The Faas, from whom Prince Charles is descended, claimed that their name was a contraction of Pharaoh, and asserted that they were connected by blood with the ancient kings of Egypt. So far back as 1540, James V. of Scotland made a treaty with "Johanne Faw, Lord and Erie of Little Egypt," acknowledging his kingship, and giving him the right to administer law to, and inflict punishment on, his fellow Egyptians. Not long afterwards, however, James changed his attitude, and issued an order commanding his loyal subjects whenever they found three gipsies together to slay two of them without mercy. James V. endeavored vainly to exterminate the race, but the advance of modern civilization has done what succeeding monarchs vainly attempted to accomplish.

Ringolski—Poor Grabstein! His was a sad death. Cohenstein—Ad der theater, wasn't it? Ringolski—Yes, and before der show was halluf ofer.—Judge.

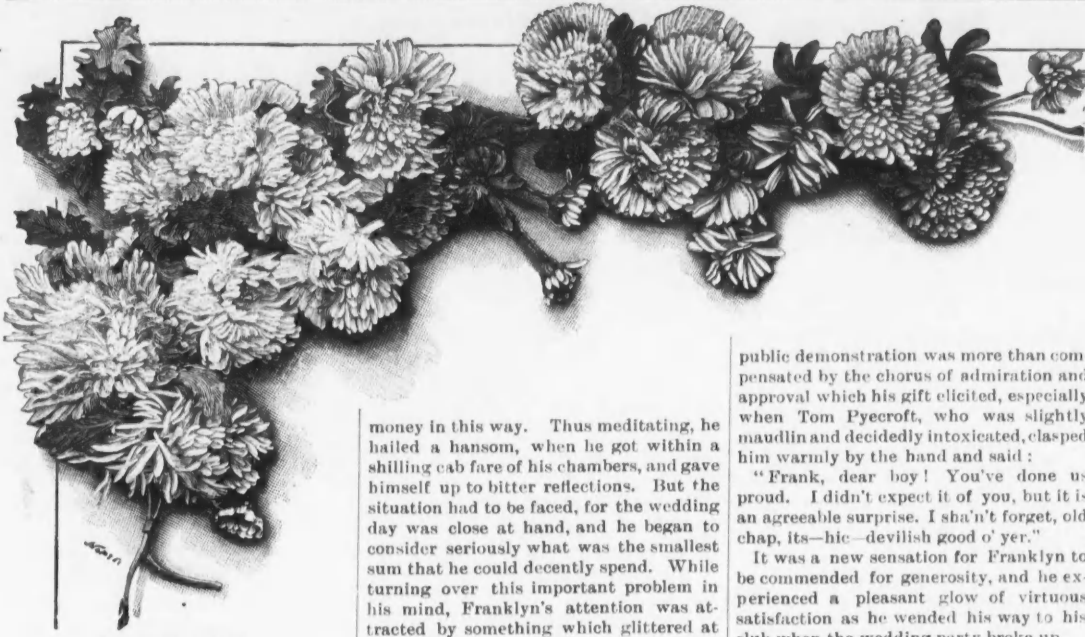
Helen—He is extremely reticent about his family. Her brother—Hum—must be a good man of bad family or a bad man of good family. You had best encourage him.

Police-man—You had better come along quietly and not make any trouble. Pick-pocket—G'yarn. Not give you trouble? Where'd your job be if it wasn't for the likes o' us?

Sexton (from the vestry-room)—Dr. Blank—Dr. Blank—the church is on fire! Dr. Blank (from the pulpit)—Very well, William; I will retire. Perhaps you'd better wake up the congregation.

The Nelson Miner of the 28th of May said—"There will be no issue of the Miner to-morrow morning, in order to allow the staff to celebrate the Queen's birthday and enjoy the excursions to the different towns in Kootenay in which celebrations are being held." This inspires the enquiry on what date does the Queen's birthday come in Nelson and Kootenay?

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A Costly Gift

Queer Story from "Truth."

PART I.

FRANKLYN VAVASOUR was a miser up-to-date. His clothes were not ragged, nor did he deny himself the necessities of life. On the contrary, he moved in good society, lived luxuriantly, and even indulged in what might be called personal extravagance. This may sound paradoxical, but the simple explanation is that Franklyn Vavasour had such a supreme regard for his own comfort and well-being, that he grudged no expenditure on that account. But, outside this purely selfish limit, no wretched half-starved monomaniac that ever shivered in a garret hoarded his money more zealously than this highly-polished, fashionably-attired young gentleman. While contenting himself with exacting the uttermost farthing of value for every pound he spent upon himself and his pleasures, Franklyn Vavasour rigidly drew the line at generosity to others in any shape or form. He had probably never bestowed a halfpenny in charity in his life; he did not know the meaning of hospitality in a reciprocal sense; and if he gave a dinner at his club, or lent a friend his horse to ride, it was always from sordid and calculating motives.

It is truly astonishing, considering that Franklyn Vavasour's idiosyncrasies were pretty generally known, that he contrived to maintain a sort of lukewarm popularity among his friends and acquaintances. He was what is called a "jobber" on the Stock Exchange; and, by many years of patient assiduity and obsequious time-serving, he had established a lucrative business, and when a man is well-to-do and successful, a very little common-place amiability will hide a multitude of shortcomings. He was a man of about thirty-five and a bachelor. Nor did he seem in any hurry to turn Benedict, though he went a good deal into society. He found this a cheap form of amusement, for in these days a bachelor and a dancing man is a privileged being, who is eagerly sought after, and from whom no return for kindness shown is expected. For the rest he was not a bad-looking fellow, and though his tall, slim figure, sharp features, and steady blue eyes afforded some index to his character, he was naturally regarded as a highly eligible party.

One evening Franklyn Vavasour descended the steps of a friend's house in the neighborhood of Portman square in a very gloomy and depressed frame of mind. He had quitted the ball-room early, for a little incident had occurred which had affected his spirits. A short time previously he had been invited to the wedding of a daughter of a Stock Exchange friend named Pycroft. Franklyn was not fond of weddings, because they were associated with the giving of presents. He thought wedding presents a hateful and degrading institution, and he decidedly set his face against them. Therefore he had refused the Pycroft invitation, feeling that his business relations with the father would render it a little awkward for him to attend the wedding without making the customary offering.

But old Tom Pycroft was one of those bluff, outspoken products of Stock Exchange culture, who are devoid alike of sensitiveness and delicacy. He was a broker in a large way of business, and he had been in the habit for a good many years of dealing with Franklyn, who had found these transactions very profitable. It appeared that Tom Pycroft (as he was universally called, even by lads young enough to be his grandsons) had not been made aware till that evening of Franklyn's polite refusal of the wedding invitation, and meeting him at the ball, he had taken him to task about it, with his usual engaging frankness.

"Frank, I call it confounded shabby behavior," he said, using, however, a considerably stronger adjective than is here set down, "and I didn't think it of you."

"The fact is, I've given up weddings," Franklyn had replied lamely.

"It is all tommy rot," returned the other, "you must come, and that is the long and short of it. You and I ain't going to quarrel, Frank, over a trifle like this, eh?"

"Oh, no! Certainly not!" answered Franklyn, uneasily, fancying he detected a latent significance in his friend's words, "I'll come by all means."

"That is right, I knew you would," cried Tom Pycroft, slapping him vigorously on the back. "You can bring your present with you, my boy."

It is probable that the old gentleman's concluding words were only uttered in jest, for he was an inveterate buffoon, and he loved to rally people on their weak points. But poor Franklyn groaned in spirit, for he would almost as soon have parted with his heart's blood as spend

money in this way. Thus meditating, he hailed a hansom, when he got within a shilling cab fare of his chambers, and gave himself up to bitter reflections. But the situation had to be faced, for the wedding day was close at hand, and he began to consider seriously what was the smallest sum that he could decently spend. While turning over this important problem in his mind, Franklyn's attention was attracted by something which glittered at his elbow, and putting forth his hand absently, he was amazed to find a small brooch in the form of a star, hanging loosely by its pin from the cushion of the cab.

He examined his treasure-trove with curiosity, and perceived at once that it was a valuable diamond ornament. No doubt the last occupant of the cab had been a lady, who, having removed the brooch while adjusting her wraps, had stuck it into the cushion of the cab, and carelessly forgotten it. This conjecture was confirmed by the conduct of the driver of the cab, who suddenly pulled up, and descended to examine his horse's knee by the light of a gas-lamp.

"What is the matter?" inquired Franklyn, involuntarily closing his hand over the brooch.

"He has gone lame. I must get home when I've put you down, sir," grumbled the man.

"Had an accident?" asked Franklyn, noticing that the harness of the animal seemed disarranged.

"Yes, sir, collision in Baker street."

"Anybody hurt?"

"No, sir. There was a lady inside at the time. She screamed and jumped out in a fright, and wouldn't get in again, and I lost my fare," grumbled the man as he re-ascended his perch.

This explanation cleared up the mystery. The accident had probably occurred at the moment when the lady had removed the brooch, and her terror and agitation had caused her to leave it behind. Franklyn's first impulse was to enquire of the cabman where the lady had entered the cab, in view of restoring her property. Unhappily the idea suddenly flashed across his mind that this diamond brooch was just the sort of article that would be suitable for a wedding present, and without any definite dishonesty of purpose, Franklyn put the brooch into his pocket, and said nothing to the driver about it.

That individual was inclined to be garrulous on the subject of his recent misadventure, when Franklyn alighted at his own door; but if his object was to excite sympathy in the bosom of his fare, he was speedily disillusioned by receiving a very hard-earned shilling and a curt good night. The man whipped up his patient horse and departed with curses, while Franklyn felt himself in with his latch-key, feeling strangely elated at having kept silent about his find.

It is a singular fact that from the moment he reached his own room, and closed the door behind him, Franklyn Vavasour regarded the brooch as his own private property. The moral aspect did not enter into his calculations at all. He could not resist the temptation of availing himself of what he regarded as a pure stroke of luck; and as he turned the brooch over in his hands, he remembered with a thrill of satisfaction that Miss Pycroft's future husband was a young officer, who was under orders to rejoin his regiment in India immediately, whither the bride and bridegroom were to depart from Brindisi, after a brief honeymoon on the Continent. When this important fact occurred to him, Franklyn Vavasour made up his mind on the spot that the brooch would be his wedding gift. The only thing that troubled him was that it was almost too valuable for his purpose. Though no judge of stones, Franklyn realized that the diamonds were large and of the purest water. It seemed probable that the owner would advertise her loss in the newspapers, and the resemblance between the missing article and his gift to the bride might attract attention. To obviate this as much as possible, Franklyn decided to obey literally Tom Pycroft's injunction, and to take his present with him to the wedding. By presenting it at the moment of the bride's departure he would show becoming modesty, and would ensure its not being exhibited to the public gaze among the other gifts. He also had the brilliant idea of purchasing a case for the brooch at the United Co-operative Stores, of which he was a member, thus naturally conveying the impression that he had purchased his present there.

His scheme succeeded as completely as such unhallowed projects frequently do at the outset. He went to the wedding, and, waiting until the bride appeared in her travelling-dress on the eve of departure, he slipped the case into her hand. He had hoped that the young lady, in her natural agitation, would have refrained from opening it before others, but Tom Pycroft's daughter had her emotions well under control, and was able to manifest the most flattering appreciation of Franklyn's generosity.

"Oh, look, every one! Look, father! It is beautiful!" cried the bride, rapturously, handing the brooch round to be duly admired. "Mr. Vavasour, you are a perfect dear. I must kiss you for it—I really must."

Franklyn's passing annoyance at the

public demonstration was more than compensated by the chorus of admiration and approval which his gift elicited, especially when Tom Pycroft, who was slightly maudlin and decidedly intoxicated, clasped him warmly by the hand and said:

"Frank, dear boy! You've done us proud. I didn't expect it of you, but it is an agreeable surprise. I shan't forget, old chap, its—hic—devilish good o' yer."

It was a new sensation for Franklyn to be commended for generosity, and he experienced a pleasant glow of virtuous satisfaction as he vended his way to his club when the wedding party broke up.

Nevertheless, he kept a watchful eye on the second column of the *Times* and other newspapers, for when the excitement of the affair had passed he began to be troubled with vague misgivings. Whenever an announcement caught his eye with the ominous heading "Lost," Franklyn felt a cold shiver, but the owner of the brooch made no sign, and after a day or two he began to feel quite happy and comfortable.

One evening, about a fortnight later, Franklyn Vavasour, returning to his chambers to dress for a dinner party, was accosted on the door-step outside by a dingy-looking individual, who smelt of stables and also of liquor.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man, touching his hat, "might I speak to you a minute?"

"I've nothing for you," said Franklyn, adopting his usual formula.

"You are the gent, sir; now I hear your voice I'm sure of it," was the unexpected rejoinder.

"What do you mean?" enquired Franklyn, to whom the other's face suddenly seemed familiar.

"It was you as I drove home here on Tuesday night, the tenth of this month," said the man with conviction.

Tuesday night, the tenth? Franklyn Vavasour, though taken aback, was for a few moments entirely unsuspecting, while he endeavored to recall that particular date to mind. Then, all of a sudden, it flashed across him that the occasion referred to was the momentous evening on which he had found the diamond star, and that the man was the driver of the hansom cab!

Franklyn flushed crimson, and with the man's eye fixed upon him he could not for the life of him deny the assertion.

"Well, what then?" he enquired sharply.

"An unpleasant thing has happened," said the man; "a lady swears she left a brooch in my kebab, and they say—"

"They! Who?" interrupted Franklyn, with a paroxysm of apprehension.

"The police!"

"The police! Oh, nonsense! I mean," added Franklyn, checking himself, "what have the police got to do with it, and what has it all got to do with me?"

"Well, sir, it's this way," began the man.

"Come inside," said Franklyn, abruptly. The police! This unpleasantly suggestive word rang in Franklyn's ears, and rendered him so nervous and uncomfortable that he felt he would rather hear what the man had to say in the privacy of his own room. He therefore led him upstairs, and during the interval he had time to recover his composure.

"Well, my man, what is it?" he enquired, briskly.

The man's story was soon told, for it had the merit of simplicity, and Franklyn's private knowledge enabled him to grasp it readily. It appeared that the owner of the brooch was convinced that she had left it stuck into the lining of the hansom cab from which she had alighted at the moment of the accident. The police had been communicated with, and the driver had been readily found. Suspicion rested upon him and upon the helper at the yard who had cleaned the cab the next morning, but each, naturally, stoutly denied the accusation. The matter was complicated, as regarded the cabman, by his having been unable to remember where he had driven his subsequent fare. He had been suspended by his employer,

and for some days past he had been frantically endeavoring to refresh his memory as his only chance of rehabilitating himself.

"It come on me, sir," he said, in conclusion, "all of a flash. I was takin' a glass at the 'ouse opposite, when I seed this building—Monarch Chambers—and, by Jove! I says, says I, dash my buttons, that's it, and I'd just stepped over to make inquiries, when you came along promiscuous."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Franklyn, inwardly cursing his ill-luck.

"I suppose you didn't find the article, sir," said the man, confidentially.

"Certainly not," replied Franklyn, with desperation.

"I believe it's a plant, and that the lady never lost no brooch at all," grumbled the man; "least wise, not in my kebab."

"You are right, no doubt," exclaimed Franklyn, eagerly.

"Yes, sir, the police think themselves precious clever," said the man, turning to depart; "just because I'd 'ad a drop that night after the accident and couldn't remember where I'd drove you to, they think I'm a thief, but it'll be all right now."

"Stay!" exclaimed Franklyn, turning a shade paler. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, sir, of course, I shall put 'em on to you," said the man.

"Confound it!" cried Franklyn; "I've got nothing to do with it."

"No doubt, sir; but the police will make inquiries. Good day, sir," said the man.

"Ahem! My man, this is a very unpleasant affair, as you say," gasped Franklyn. "I—I don't want to be mixed up in it."

"No more didn't I, sir," said the man doggedly.

"Really, my friend," said Franklyn, putting his hand insinuatingly into his waistcoat pocket, "you have been very badly used. But I wonder, now, whether it is absolutely necessary for you to tell them about me? You are absolutely innocent. There is nothing whatever against you."

He reluctantly produced a sovereign as he spoke, and placed it in the man's ready palm. The fellow glanced at the coin, and then lifted his eyes to Franklyn's with a very cunning and significant expression.

"I'm afraid I can't do it, sir, not at that price," he said, lowering his voice.

"How much would you—ahem—expect?" asked Franklyn unguardedly.

"I've been suspended for more than a week. I've a living to make, and, if the police will let me go, I must leave London," said the man slowly. "If you will make it a tonner, guv'nor—"

"Stop!" exclaimed Franklyn, startled by the man's tone and manner, "you misunderstand me. I know nothing about the brooch."

"No, sir; very likely not—but—"

"Look here, my man," interposed Franklyn, frantic at having given the man cause to suspect him, "you seem to think I wish to bribe you. Why should I? It is simply that I don't want the police to come bothering here if I can help it. I'm sorry I gave you that sovereign now."

"Beg pardon, sir, but I meant no harm," said the man, evidently abashed by Franklyn's virtuous indignation, "you see how I'm placed?"

"Yes, yes," returned Franklyn, hurriedly, at the same time producing his card—"my request was thoughtful, unreasonable. Here is my card. Give it to the police. I am dining out this evening, but I shall be back at 11 o'clock. You can tell the police that."

"Very well, sir," said the man, completely humbled—"thanking you, sir, for your kindness."

Franklyn showed the fellow out, feeling hot and cold by turns at his narrow escape of having placed himself in his power. Luckily, he had realized, just in time, the extreme foolishness of such a proceeding, and that the wisest and safest course was to brave the thing out. His hand trembled somewhat, however, as he tied his white tie that evening, nor did he particularly enjoy his dinner-party. It was disagreeable to think that he was an object of solicitude on the part of the police, and though he took the precaution to fortify himself for the interview by a few extra glasses of his host's claret, he felt a little uncomfortable, when, on returning to his chambers, he found himself confronted by an inspector in uniform.

The officer was a stout, heavy-featured individual, whose aspect was not calculated to excite alarm. He rose stolidly from his seat when Franklyn appeared,

and addressed him with respectful deference.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, gravely, "I took the liberty of calling to corroborate the story of a cab-driver, James Parlett."

"I don't know his name," said Franklyn, maintaining a very tolerable composure, "but I guess who you refer to. The man called here earlier in the evening."

"Yes, sir. Says he drove you home in his cab, a hansom, from the neighborhood of Baker street on the evening of the 10th," said the Inspector.

"Quite right, he did," replied Franklyn, emboldened by the fact that the Inspector was staring stolidly around the room while he spoke.

"Was he drunk, sir?"

"He says so; I suppose he ought to know," said Franklyn, feeling quite facetious; "I didn't notice him particularly. Of course, I don't want to get the man into trouble," he added magnanimously.

"It isn't that, sir," said the officer. "It is about a diamond brooch that is said to have been left in his cab. I suppose you saw nothing of it?"

"Nothing," said Franklyn calmly. "You are welcome to search my rooms if it is your duty," he continued laughingly.

"No occasion for that, sir. Your word is sufficient," replied the Inspector, who had probably previously satisfied himself of Franklyn's good repute. "I only wanted to verify the cabman's story."

"Will anything happen to the man?" asked Franklyn, with a little natural anxiety.

"There's no evidence against him. I expect the lady was mistaken," said the Inspector. "Good evening, sir. Sorry for having troubled you."

"Won't you take something, Inspector?" enquired Franklyn, producing the whisky decanter and a glass, in the fullness of his heart.

"You're very good, sir. Your good health," said the officer, tossing off a dram.

"Supposing now that this driver had found the brooch—which I don't the least believe," said Franklyn rather quickly, "but supposing he had, what then?"

"Six months' hard," said the Inspector laconically.

"What? For simply finding it," exclaimed Franklyn, agitated for private reasons.

"Finding and keeping," corrected the Inspector, "unlawful possession and converting to his own use."

"I see. But it seems rather severe, doesn't it? It is not quite the same as stealing," said Franklyn, feeling rather faint.

"There ain't much difference, sir, and it is the law, anyway," replied the Inspector, with becoming gravity. "It is just a question of intention. If a person finds a thing and appropriates it to his own use, he commits a criminal offence."

"I fancy a good many people don't quite realize that, Inspector," said Franklyn with an uneasy laugh.

"All the worse for them, sir, if ever they get found out," was the significant reply. "Good night, sir, and thank you."

(To be Continued.)

A Commonplace Tragedy.

"REALLY, Dollie, I don't know what's the matter with you," said energetic Mrs. Hayes, as her young daughter crossed from fireplace to window for the sixth time since she had entered the library. "Do you expect someone, child?"

The girl started and turned quickly from the window, glancing at the grandfather's clock in a recess, which was pointing to four and whirled out the hour as she looked at it. "Yes—no; I really don't know, mother. I thought perhaps someone would look in. It's so dull these rainy days."

Mrs. Hayes paused with her knitting-needle held over her pattern-book as she counted her rows. "Come here," she said. "Now, sit down there, Dollie, and tell your own mother what's the matter!"

Dollie sat down with sudden impulsive yielding. "Oh, mother, darling, it isn't much. I'll tell you; you won't laugh at me!" she said tremulously.

Mrs. Hayes put one hand around her daughter's neck and softly smoothed her flushed cheek. Dollie leaned from her low stool against her mother's knee and said, hesitating over each sentence, "Mother, you know Clement Graeme has been here a lot this winter. Well, mother, he has to go away; he is going to-night; away back to India, and yesterday when he got the cablegram it was a surprise to us, to him, I mean, and as we were coming home from a tea, he—oh,

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(To be Continued.)



HAYING TIME.

mother, you know what he asked me—and I wasn't sure, and I asked him to let me think it over, and I'd write, and I wrote last night and told him to come and we'd tell you—and mother, was it wrong to not ask you first?"

The girl's voice had grown very faint, for her mother's hand had suddenly left her neck, but Mrs. Hayes was only surprised. "Little Dollie, my little Dollie with a sweetheart!" she said softly, and little Dollie threw herself on her knees and wept excitedly over the grand affair.

Mrs. Hayes was knitting. "There, there!" said the mother, soothingly. "It's no wonder you were excited and nervous! And so Mr. Graeme is expected, and he wants my Dollie? What will your father say, daughter? Does Harry know?"

"No one knows but you!" said Dollie fervently. Mrs. Hayes kissed the burning damp cheek gently. "He's a nice boy," she said kindly. "Harry likes him. I'd rather take Harry's opinion than anyone's—even yours, little Dollie! Run and bathe your eyes, darling, and change your frock. Put on your red one, won't you?—nothing suits you so well!" Dollie hugged her mother tempestuously. "Oh, you blessed mother!" she said between emphatic kisses.

The grandfather's clock struck six as Dollie and her mother sat together in the freightrailer. The girl's face was as pale as snow, her eyes sad and downcast. As the strokes whirled out Mrs. Hayes stirred uneasily. "So late?" she said brightly. "Light the gas, dear; I was nearly asleep. Why, Dollie, what's the matter?"

Dollie stood with the match alight and looked at the clock. "Mother," she said thickly, "the train goes at six."

The gas flashed into flame, the room glowed with light, steps came in the hall, father's and brother's, no more. Mrs. Hayes drew the girl to her and kissed her gently. "Don't worry, child; he has been detained. He will write, or perhaps he may come after dinner," she whispered, and then father and brother came in, and the family life went on in its usual cheerful course.

The paper lay before Dollie's place at table: it was her habit to read scraps such as her mother cared to hear from it every morning. To-day she only saw one paragraph—a notice of the sailing of a P. and O. steamer, and Mrs. Hayes, consumed with sympathy, followed her pointing finger as she mutely looked over Dollie's slim shoulder at the journal. "He's gone," said the girl miserably. "Mother, can he have gone without?"—she checked herself and straightened her little figure suddenly. Her brother had come in to breakfast. He picked up the paper and glanced over it, his eye catching the self-same paragraph of the steamer's sailing and her list of passengers. He started, put his hand in his pocket, and grew very red. "By Jove, Dollie, I am a careless beggar!" he stammered. "I never posted that note you gave me to Clem Graeme, and he has sailed for India." And to this day Harry Hayes never understands why Dollie rushed into his arms and hugged him, nor why she hysterically informed him he had broken her heart, nor why his mother looked at him in a more severe manner than he had ever believed her capable of.

P. Z.

King Coal to Uncle Sam.

I am the king of strife and calm—
Now a whistle and now a moan—
I have ruled the sceptre and torn the palm
From the Wind on his bauble throne.

My pipe in his face I boldly puff
Till his rage my soul inspires.
And I draw him down and his cries I drown
In the glee of a billion fires!

Oh, I am king of the land and sea,
King of the field and foam.
King of the mountain, hill, and lea,
King of the hearth and home!

Heir of the lordly limbs and leaves—
Now a whistle and now a moan—
And my eyes, up-garnered in mammoth sheaves,
On the floors of the world were strown.

Yet, up through the starless roofs I come
And the ventry breezes assail!
And the furnace glow is the flag I throw
In the teeth of the howling gale!

Oh, I am King of the land and sea,
King of the field and foam.
King of the mountain, vale, and lea,
King of the hearth and home!

Tears for the straining sail and sheet—
Now a whistle and now a moan—
As the waves ride over the fated fleet
At the whim of the wild Wind blown.

But cheers for the million-masted oars
That I make from drops of rain!
For as Coal I am king, and the song I sing
Is a dirge to the fleet of Spain!

Oh, I am king of the land and sea,
King of the field and foam.
King of the mountain, hill, and lea,
King of the hearth and home!

—Edmund F. Burns in *Eastern Globe*.

Wild Colies.

The dog has not hitherto been classed among the wild animals of Canada, but it would not be altogether wrong to put him into that category. A Manitoba paper, the *Western Prairie*, vouchers and accounts for the presence of wild dogs in Canada.

They live in the great woods of the Turtle

NURSE URSULA. — Kindly excuse a reply.

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worlds which she and her big pioneer were about to consummate. "He wants me now," he has taken up a claim, and got his stock, and he wants me to make a home," whispered the little being, lowering her voice as the Major and the Commercial Man strolled by. And we talked over the future, she quietly confident in her ability to fulfill her part of the contract, and I infinitely touched by her impulse to tell me about it, infinitely glad that the fashion of homemaking had not died out in these rapid days. One cannot make a home as one makes a pot of jam, and seal it down and set it aside till it's wanted; homes must be continually making; every day a new phase, a new emergency, must be met. The homemaker, growing wiser and richer and stronger as she puts her best foot foremost, knows that her work is like the mercy of God, new every morning. The success of the enterprise depends mainly on the dominant thought, and patience and love are its strongest powers. Sundry female persons are troubled to assert the equality of woman with man. Why they do so I never can make out. Isn't it enough that in the most important things for the good of humanity woman is so very far her superior? Who ever heard of a man making a home? To men belong many a privilege, many an honor, but the most important affairs of life are in the hands of our women. The children, the homes are theirs! When I need a

"Where shall I go for my summer holiday?" writes an independent woman. "I have two hundred and fifty dollars that I made in War Eagle, and I want to spend it on a nice outing." It is well to know just how much one can spend. In the case of the woman who writes, we must put it at two hundred and fifty dollars. For that she can take July and August at the sea, away off in Maine, or she can go to the West Coast and spend quiet weeks in some small town or in unpretentious lodgings in San Francisco, which is a city of surprises if one cares to explore it. Or she can go to New York and take a seven hundred miles' sea voyage, around to Halifax and on to Charlottetown, and dawdle through Prince Edward Island and spend a week in the valley of Evangeline, and look over the whole of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and come back by the Gulf and Canada's king river. Or just reverse the order of going, which would perhaps be better. And, best of all, she can take passage on a reasonably rated ocean steamer and go to Ireland, and wheel from Derry to Dublin, and from Dublin to Killybegny, and she can do it beautifully for two hundred and fifty dollars, as I know from delightful experience. LADY GAY.

Mistress—Bridget, I told you to get ham for luncheon, and you got steak. Bridget—Sure, O! never eat ham!"

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Studio and Gallery

The new schools in connection with the Leighton Memorial Art Gallery in Peckham Road, Camberwell, promise to extend the admirable work of the County Council art-training on the south side of London. Mr. Cecil Burns is the master, and the rooms at his disposal are singularly well arranged and well lighted. To show how practical is the scheme of technical education carried on in the same building, it will suffice to mention a class for house painters which has a room provided with a certain number of old paneled doors for them to practice upon. Housed under the same roof as the art galleries, students enjoy the benefit of the loan exhibition held therein. At present a number of fine paintings by Leighton, Burne-Jones, Watts, and others are reinforced by a large collection of Mr. Walter Crane's work, and rooms filled with porcelain, metal work, and various examples of applied art, some lent by the South Kensington Museum and others by Mrs. William Morris, one of these latter being a famous armchair painted by Sir Edward Burne-Jones and made for the Red House, Bexley. So admirable an enterprise deserves the good wishes of all in sympathy with art.

"For several months past," says the *Studio*, "the whole art-world of Berlin has been under the spell of Arnold Böcklin. The seventieth birthday of the famous Swiss painter, recently celebrated, brought forth a veritable flood of brochures of all kinds on the life of the artist and the development of his genius. A wave of enthusiasm passed over the whole land, and it was completely forgotten that but a few years ago most people greeted with jeers and sarcasms Böcklin's strange fantasies which, even now, the great majority are quite incapable of appreciating. But we live in a rapid age, and the immediate past is soon forgotten in the present."

Bancel Lafarge, son of John Lafarge, and hitherto associated with his father, has recently made several exhibitions under his own name. In an exhibition of

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The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO

114 King Street West

water-colors he showed himself a worthy disciple of his father. His work is pure in color, and full of vibrating effects of blue, and fearless spaces of white and yellow.

A very interesting article on Japanese art with unique and hitherto unpublished examples, by Ernest F. Fenollosa, appears in the *Century Magazine*. It is well worth the study of all interested in art.

"Sculpture," says Gabriel Monreys, "is the eternal art. In it humanity bubbles its earliest words, and yet generations yet to come, so long as there are men and women in the world, will turn to it to assuage their thirst for tangible reality. Without excess of paradox, one may indeed almost imagine the day when men will have grown tired of painting, when the flat representation of things in line and color will bring no pleasure. But sculpture in an age more material, will always prove a source of delight, instant and palpable. It is independent of time and fashion; the years roll on and periods change, but sculpture remains ever much the same."

Word reaches us that two water-color paintings, the work of G. Bruenech, sent to London, Eng., recently, have been purchased there by an art critic. This speaks well for the artist, for, as is well known, London is not lacking in works of art nor in art critics. Evidently views of Norway are appreciated in some parts of the world.

F. McGillivray Knowles, we are pleased to be able to tell the public, although it is strictly confidential, is, in the near future, to produce something somewhat unique in Canadian art. Sea-nymphs, clothed with the sea, sea-gulls, rocks and splashing waters combined will be a delightful combination when treated by Mr. Knowles. He intends making special studies of rocks and foam, and maybe nymphs, at his resort during the summer, where he will have ample opportunity for the study of all.

A remarkable Bible, clearly the result of many years of intelligent labor, enlarged into twelve imperial folio volumes by the addition of about ten thousand illustrations, portraits, views, plans, maps, etc., etc., is on view at the Art Gallery of Messrs. Roberts & Son, 79 King Street West. Many of the pictures are fine and rare specimens of copperplate, steel and wood engraving and lithography, and are representative of artists of many different nationalities. There is also a unique set of prints taken by special permission from rare blocks, the property of the British Museum. All these pictures are placed in conjunction with the parts of Scripture to which they refer. This work should be of special interest to theologians as well as to artists.

Several of the artists of the city have already completed their arrangements for their summer sojourn in other parts. To collect new material for the winter's work, to recuperate tired bodies and minds, to invigorate and cultivate the art-life, is the summer occupation of the artist. Mr. and Mrs. Reid go, as is their wont, to the Catskills; Mr. and Mrs. Knowles to the French Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; R. F. Gagen has summered for the past eighteen years at the Island—a certificate of character for the Island, by the way; C. M. Manly is already on the ocean, bound, in all probability, for Devonshire; E. Wyly Grier is settled at Niagara-on-the-Lake; and W. A. Sherwood is to take a trip to Ottawa.

The two salons, that of the Société des Artistes Français and that of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, this year held almost side by side in what was the machinery hall of the Exposition of 1889, do not offer any very remarkable sign of progress, nor even of change. It is understood to be an off year. Work undertaken for the coming great international exhibition is said to be engaging the best energies of many artists. It is generally admitted that there is less reason than ever for keeping the two societies separate. Each is simply a business association of artists without any distinctive artistic aim. Such facts as that M. Cormon exhibits with the Société des Artistes Français and M. Puvion de Chavannes with the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts do not constitute a real distinction. To the public, and especially to the foreign public, the two exhibitions are one.

We are glad to clip the following from an exchange devoted to art. It is just what we have been trying repeatedly to say in this column: "There seems to be no reason in the nature of things why a portrait should not be a picture. But the too exclusive interest of the sitter and the sitter's friends in features and expression (unless in the case of a lady, when some attention may be given to the costume) often make it difficult for the painter to pay due regard to pictorial requirements. A dinner cannot be made of bread alone; and the saying has been attributed to more than one great painter that it is not the main subject so much as the accessories and the background that make a picture; yet our portrait painters have been, in a measure, forced to treat their backgrounds with bitumen and contempt. We are glad to see that painters of force and originality are beginning to defy tradition in this respect, and to paint their clients in suitable surroundings, without having recourse to the conventional pillar and red curtain, or the impenetrable gloom of a dark corner in the studio." JEAN GRANT.

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Feared to Disappoint Her.
Harper's Bazar.



"I thought you said it was cold to-day, Polly. I'm simply roasting."
"I thought you wanted me to say so, mamma. You do look so awfully well in that cape."

Puzzling the Irishman.

Tit Bits.

Toole tells a good story of an adventure he met with in the Pitti Gallery at Florence. He says: "Billington was with me at the time. We had been looking at pictures all day. I was just going to tell Billington that I had had enough, when an Irish voice expressed the same idea, but more eloquently than I should have done. 'No, my darlint, I'll not go in there; I'm thundering tired at the whole thing.'"

"We turned around, and there was a typical Hibernian gentleman talking to his wife. 'No, darlint, I'll sit here 'til ye come out. Go and see the thing; I'm sick at the whole show!' He was very hot, mopped his face with a handkerchief, and composed himself quietly on a bench at the entrance to one of the side galleries. 'Here's a chance, I said to Billington. I had a catalogue in my hand, so up I went to the Irishman, and in the best bogus Italian I could invent, I pretended to draw his attention to the objects of art he was neglecting. 'St signor, I said, 'Proccacino, contralto, Carlo dolci, grandioso del suiti. 'My good man,' he replied, in a fine brogue, 'I don't understand a word you say; I'm an Irishman, and can't spake your lingo!' 'Ah, della fattissimo,' I said, shrugging my shoulders, 'della ferraggio am amore.' 'It's no good,' said the Irishman. 'I'm sick at the entire show, and I don't understand a blessed word at it.'"

"He turned away wearily, and I said, 'Then, be jabers! I can ye tell me where I can get a drop of Irish whisky?' 'Save us!' he exclaimed. The change of expression in his face, the way he jumped to his feet, the man's delight when he found I was not an Italian after all, and, like himself, was weary of sight-seeing, knew no bounds. It was quite a little comedy in its way."

Not Exchangeable.

Washington Star.

Six-year-old Tommy was sent by his eldest sister to the corner grocery to buy a pound of sugar. After the proprietor of the grocery shop had made the change for the little lad he engaged Tommy in conversation.

"Tommy," said he, "I understand there is a new member of your family?"

"Yes, sir," replied the kid; "I've got a little brother."

"Well, how do you like that, hey?" inquired the grocery man.

"Don't like it at all," said Tommy; "rather have a little sister."

"Then why don't you change him, Tommy?"

"Well, we would if we could; but I don't suppose we can. You see, we have used him four days now!"

A Great Feat.

The bicycle run of "200 miles in one day," performed by Dr. W. N. Robertson of Stratford, Ont., on the 3rd of June, was a remarkable exhibition of endurance in a purely amateur rider. The doctor's scientific training would, no doubt, prove an important factor in successfully engineering such a difficult operation, though (as will be seen by letter published in another column) he does not hesitate to award due credit for his performance to the agent he relied upon in his great effort. The doctor's testimony to the marvelous sustaining power of Maltine with Coca Wine is entirely spontaneous and unsolicited, and, therefore, of the higher value. His report will be read with interest by wheelmen generally, in view of his claim that Maltine with Coca Wine enabled him to "pedal comfortably for hours after the period that I should have been exhausted without it." Dr. Robertson tersely summarizes the valuable action of Maltine with Coca Wine in those cases of enervation common among most "novices on the wheel," and affirms that "it is a wonderful heart-sustainer." This preparation may be had of all druggists, and may be relied upon as an agent of infinite value in nervous prostration and brain exhaustion resulting from undue strain upon the mental or physical energies.—*Daily Globe*, July 6, 1898.

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Nail-Keg Warriors.

Boston Globe.

Nightly in the village store, Hank-rin for Spanish gore, Chafin, like they can't hold in.

For the combat to begin, Ephraim Guy an' Gabriel Blare, Hi an' Hezekiah Dare,

Joshua Zeal an' Zeb Maguire, Short their patriotic fire.

War's proclaimed, no matter what President McKinley's got.

To declare about the thing, For we've heard the cap'n sing

Through the land's official choir— Joshua Zeal an' Zeb Maguire,

Hi an' Hezekiah Dare, Ephraim Guy an' Gabriel Blare.

War has got to come, by Jinks! Carnage out in sausage links.

Is the pattern of remains That is destined to be Spain's.

So he's screamed in frantic ire Joshua Zeal and Zeb Maguire,

Hi an' Hezekiah Dare, Ephraim Guy an' Gabriel Blare.

An' when Freedom's fires are lit An' the fight is bein' fit.

You will find in village store, On the nail kegs as before,

Far removed from combat dire, Joshua Zeal an' Zeb Maguire,

Hi an' Hezekiah Dare, Ephraim Guy an' Gabriel Blare.

"Bridget, does your mistress assist you in cooking?" "Yes, very much." "How does she do it?" "By kaping out of the kitchen."

Black—Suppose we celebrate our silver wedding next week? Mrs. Black. But we have been married only twelve years. "I know that, but we need the silver."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

With a bundle of clubs and a heavy-weight flask,

The golfer sets out on his terrible task, To chivy a poor little lad o'er the lea—

But 'tis not in his flask that he carries his "tee."

"Richard," asked the teacher, "what was the message General Sheridan sent to General Early before the battle took place?" "He said," replied the big boy with the bad eye, "Go, Early, and avoid the rush." And merely for this she kept him in after school.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A well known fashion paper, in its answers to correspondents, says: "A married woman, when asked her name,

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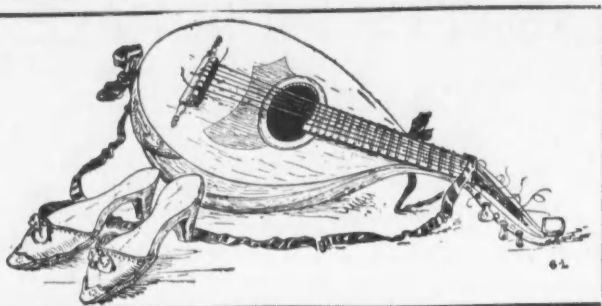
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MUSIC



The very good work which is being done by Mr. W. O. Forsyth in his pianoclasses at the Metropolitan School of Music was shown in recitals which were given by his pupils on the evenings of June 2 and 9. At the first of these interesting recitals the pianists were: Misses Dorothy Sprague, Abbie M. Helmer, Millie Evison, L. Nixon, Gwendolyn Roberts, Annie J. Proctor, and Messrs. G. W. Coppin and Walter H. Coles. The names of several of these performers have become familiar to local music-lovers through the artistic merit of their playing and the frequency with which they have appeared in local recitals to the credit of themselves and their energetic and capable instructor. Among the numbers played on this occasion might be mentioned: Sonnet, No. 6—Liszt; Rigoletto Fantasia—Verdi—Liszt; Ballade, op. 47—Chopin; and the last movement of Mendelssohn's G minor concerto. The second recital introduced besides several names already mentioned in connection with the first recital: Misses Bessie Morley, Mabel Partridge, Millie Brownlow and Mr. Cecil Carl Forsyth. The programme embraced numbers by Schumann, Mascagni, Wachs, Moszkowski, Chopin, Mendelssohn and Haydn, and was interpreted in a manner which again illustrated Mr. Forsyth's ability as a musician and the keen regard he evinces for points of style and the cultivation of technique. Both recitals were varied through the excellent singing of vocal pupils of Miss Amy Robarts Jaffray and Mr. J. M. Sherlock. Readings by pupils of Miss Belle H. Noonan of the elocutionary department of the College were also most enjoyable features of these recitals. Mention should be made of Mr. Peter C. Kennedy's musically accompanied recitals to the songs rendered. The audiences were large on both occasions and their enthusiasm may be taken as a certain indication of the very favorable impression created by the performers.

An interesting and in every sense successful recital of piano music was given at the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening of last week by pupils respectively of Mr. V. P. Hunt and Mr. Donald Herald of the Conservatory staff. The programme introduced the following pupils of Mr. Hunt: Misses Rhoda Kennedy, Alma Frankish, Edith White, A.T.C.M., Jessie Bustin and Daisy Reading. These were heard in selections by Pizzoni, Raff, Chopin (Etudes, op. 25, No. 7, and op. 10, No. 5), Chaminade, Nevin, Liszt and Mendelssohn (Capriccio Brillante, op. 23). The clean technique displayed by the various performers in the interpretation of these numbers, and the musical manner of their performances generally, proved most creditable to those taking part and to Mr. Hunt, under whose instruction the young ladies have progressed so satisfactorily. Mention should also be made of Mr. Hunt's artistic work at the second piano in the Mendelssohn Capriccio. Mr. Herald's pupils were: Misses Hilda Sciffe, May Stevens, Marjorie Fitzgibbon, Leah Walker, Jessie Hamilton and Ray Wilson. Among the numbers performed by these pupils might be mentioned: Liszt's Liebestraum, No. 2; Rheinberger's The Chase; Liszt's Rezzata Veneziana; Hollaender's March, op. 39, and compositions by Heller, Whitney and Chopin. Technically and musically the playing of these numbers displayed to advantage the natural ability of the performers, and the care and skill which had marked their instruction at Mr. Herald's hands. Vocal pupils of Mr. Tandy contributed numbers during the evening and added much to the enjoyment of the large and well pleased audience which had gathered to hear the recital.

Despite very unfavorable weather a large audience attended the vocal recital given at the Conservatory of Music on Saturday evening last by pupils of Mrs. J. W. Bradley. The excellent reputation which Mrs. Bradley has established as a specialist in voice culture was certainly upheld by the work of her pupils on this occasion, there being noticeable throughout the recital a careful regard for the finer points of expression and the many details which should always enter into successful vocal effort. The following pupils participated: Misses Sara Bradley, Ethel McMullen, Maud Dwight, Bertha Beattie, Gertrude Davidson, Muriel Hunt, Gerlie Dunlop, Lizzie Brethour, Helen Church, and Mr. M. Costello. A varied programme was presented which included compositions from the works of the following composers: Wallace, Lane, Cowen, Denza, Moir, Trotter, Parker, Godard, Chaminade, Gounod and Ardit. Additional interest was lent the recital through the assistance rendered by pupils from the departments of piano and organ-playing and the School of Elocution. Miss Maud McLean, a clever pupil of Miss Maud Gordon, gave a very effective rendering of Chopin's Fantasia Impromptu, op. 66. A musically interpretation of two organ numbers by Mr. T. Alex. Davies, a pupil of Miss May Hamilton, was also much admired.

The London, England, correspondent of the Montreal Star cables to that journal the following interesting details of the present opera season at Covent Garden: "The performances of Wagner's Nibelungen Ring at Covent Garden under Mottl's baton, have taken the town literally by storm. Society is wagnerized and will talk of little else. Rheingold on Monday was an undoubted success. Die Walkure on Wednesday was a musical

triumph, such as England has never, perhaps, before known, which the most defective stage effects and machinery did not suffice to lessen. But Siegfried on Thursday was a sad disappointment. Why, is a question which greatly agitates musical circles. The public were assured that the four parts of the Tetralogy would be given as Wagner wrote them, yet Siegfried was hopelessly mutilated. Schulz-Curtin astonishes everyone to-day by explaining that at the last moment Jean de Reszke declared that he and his brother could not sing Siegfried in its entirety, and could only produce it with the cuts obtaining in former performances at Covent Garden. Of course the de Reszkes have been much abused. Indeed, the incident has aroused the old question why England cannot have an opera under state subsidy and control, thus removing opera from a commercial basis."

The fine new electric organ erected by Messrs. D. W. Karn & Co. for Chalmers church was opened by an organ recital and sacred concert on Tuesday evening last in the presence of a very large and enthusiastic audience. Under the direction of Mr. Arthur Hewitt, the newly appointed organist and choirmaster of the church, a most interesting programme had been prepared for the occasion, including several effective choruses by a well balanced and admirably trained choir of sixty voices, vocal solos by Mrs. Scrimger-Massie, Miss Westman, Mr. J. M. Sherlock, Mr. A. L. E. Davies, and several organ solos by Mr. A. S. Vogt. Mrs. Massie's artistic singing of Buck's Fear Not Ye O Israel won for that lady a well merited encore. Miss Westman gave an effective rendering of Cowen's The Better Land, and Mr. Davies' fine bass voice was heard to excellent advantage in the number contributed by him. Mr. Sherlock is but too seldom heard in local concerts. His expressive singing of a solo number and his musical work in several concerted pieces were features of the programme. The congregation of Chalmers church are to be congratulated upon their new organ and upon the very satisfactory musical arrangements now existing in the church.

I have received from Germany copies of prominent journals of Leipzig, Halle, Jena, Cassel, and other points, containing critical notices of piano recitals given by the talented Canadian soloist, Mr. H. M. Field. They are unanimous as to the successes achieved by this sterling performer in his recitals throughout Germany. The following translation of an extract from the Leipzig *Rechtende Kunst* will be read with much interest by Mr. Field's many Canadian friends: "Last Saturday we heard Mr. Harry Field of Toronto, Canada, an eminently distinguished pianist. His tremendous technique and his big tone with its beautiful shadings, and the great ease with which he brings out the individualities of the different pieces he interprets, will always secure him a prominent place both as virtuoso and artist. In the Toccata of Bach he surprised us with his sonorous tone, reminding one of an organ, whilst in Mozart's Rondo he displayed grace, delicacy and beautiful phrasing. In the modern compositions, especially in Liszt's Tarantella, Mr. Field showed the great brilliancy of his technique. The enthusiastic applause and triumph which followed his performance was only allayed by several encores."

A piano recital of more than usual merit was that given at the Conservatory of Music on Tuesday evening last by Miss Laura A. Devlin, one of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison's most gifted pupils. The programme presented embraced two movements of Beethoven's Sonata op. 57, Grieg's Holberg Suite, Chopin's Bolero op. 19, Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 12, and a group of smaller numbers by Rubinstein and Mendelssohn. The Beethoven number was given with marked breadth of style and musical intelligence, the interpretation, both from an intellectual and technical point of view, being admirable. Miss Devlin's well developed technique and general musical culture were constantly in evidence throughout the performance of her programme numbers, her artistic playing creating no small measure of enthusiasm during the evening. Miss Lizzie Langlois and Miss Louise Fulton, violin pupils of Mrs. Adamson; Miss Florence Sutherland and Miss Marie Wheeler, vocal students of Mr. Rechab Tandy, lent valuable assistance during the evening. The recital certainly reflected most creditably upon the soloist of the evening and her able instructor, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present.

Mr. Rechab Tandy's pupils gave another very enjoyable recital on Monday evening last at the Conservatory of Music, in the presence of a numerous and much interested audience. The programme introduced first, second and third year pupils of Mr. Tandy, who were heard in a list of songs drawn from the works of leading English, French, German, Italian and other composers. The manner in which the various numbers were rendered reflected most creditably upon Mr. Tandy and upon the pupils who participated, who were as follows:—Misses Annie McCarrie, Bessie Cowan, Mary Waldrum, Frances Girdlestone, Theresa Wegener, Mary E. Robertson, Georgia Smith, B. C. Huyck, Emily McLaren, Ethel Johnson, Alberta Murray, Maud Bryce, Marie Wheeler, Florence Sutherland, Alicia Hobson, Carrie Davidson, Mabel V. Thomson,

and Messrs. J. W. Walker, E. Coulthard, Thomas Ferguson, and John C. Lavack. A feature of the programme was the fine singing by Mr. Tandy of a group of English songs. Miss Sara E. Dallas rendered able assistance in several of the songs through her artistic playing of the organ in the accompaniments requiring an organ obligato.

Miss Ida Hawley, who received her operatic training in Toronto under Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, is engaged to sing the principal soprano roles for the opera season at the Schiller Theater, Chicago. The Sunday Chronicle of that city of June 5 publishes a portrait of Miss Hawley and says: "Miss Ida Hawley, the most recent accession to the Schiller Opera Company, is an interesting figure. She was, until yesterday, a member of Augustin Daly's company and has scored several big-hits in Mr. Daly's musical productions. Miss Hawley is a Canadian by birth. Her first engagement was with Mr. Daly, and she has been in his company for two seasons. She first appeared as Ceres in The Tempest, and has since played many roles. It was her singing in the title role of Lill-Tse, the one-act Japanese opera which Mr. Daly produced last winter, which brought her into prominence. She alternated this role with Miss Marguerite Lemon, and shared her success in New York. Miss Hawley is pretty and slight, and her voice is a pure soprano of good range and great sweetness. Yvonne is the best singing part in Paul Jones, so she will have plenty of opportunity to display her qualities."

A very enjoyable piano recital was given in the hall of the Y.W.C.A., Elm street, on Thursday evening of last week by Miss Jennie E. Williams, a talented pupil of Mr. W. J. McNally. Miss Williams presented a very attractive programme, embracing compositions by Bach, Beethoven (Sonata op. 10, No. 3, first movement), Mendelssohn (Rondo Capriccioso, op. 14), Chopin (Valse, op. 70, No. 1; Etude, op. 15, No. 9; Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2), and Schubert-Liszt (Erl King). The demands made upon the technique and musicianship of the clever young performer in these numbers were met in a manner most creditable to herself and her capable instructor. The refined sentiment which marked her playing of several of the numbers was particularly admired by the audience, which was enthusiastic in applauding the soloist. Miss Williams was ably assisted by Miss Maude Snarr, soprano, who sang in excellent voice and with much taste and expression Dessauer's beautiful ballad, Open the Door, Cornelius The Monotone, and songs by Fanning, De Koven and Humperdinck. The Gerhard Heintzman grand piano used was remarkable for the purity and singing quality of its tone.

The University of Toronto Song Book Committee, after considerable time spent in deciding as to the relative merits of over one hundred manuscripts submitted to them in the recent competition for the best college song, have awarded the prize to Mr. H. H. Godfrey, whose composition, Toronto, the Pride of the North, was by the judges pronounced the best work received for their inspection. In this song Mr. Godfrey's ability as a popular writer and composer is much in evidence. The words are most appropriate as a college song for Toronto University, the many virtues of Toronto and its great University being eloquently set forth. A swinging and singable melody and a cleverly written refrain are in the style which has made Mr. Godfrey's former songs so popular. The song can be obtained at any of our music stores, and will doubtless have a large and continuous sale in its separate form, besides forming a valuable addition to the new song book which the committee are aiming to make second to no similar existing collection of songs.

The Toronto Musical Improvement Club held their first annual concert on Monday evening last in St. George's Hall. A large audience was present, and the greatest interest was manifested in the excellent programme presented by the following performers: Misses Ida McLean, Mabel Dalby, Ida Morton, Frances World, B. Nicholson, and Herr Paul Hahn and Mr. Scoville of Boston. The Provincial College of Music piano quartette, and several remarkably clever children pianists, also contributed to the programme. The good work done during the past season by the Club, under whose auspices the concert was given, should encourage them in their efforts for next season. Their concerts have been largely attended and many excellent programmes have been ably carried out by those who have taken part from time to time.

A very successful recital was given on Saturday last at 21 Elgin avenue by the young piano pupils of Mrs. D. A. O'Sullivan. The children who took part in the programme were Alice Ridout, Lisa and Vere Hamilton, Unda Snarr, Marie Mitchell, Edna Stuart, Hope Wigmore, Allie Rooney, Lillie Hanna, Beatrice Cosgrave, Madeline Barnes, Nannon Ward, Irene Phelan, Margaret O'Sullivan, Tom and Artie George and Fred Phelan. Mrs. O'Sullivan has been most successful as a teacher, the work done by even the youngest of her pupils showing the greatest care in phrasing and rhythm, while the tone produced by the little ones, ranging from five years upwards, was, under the circumstances, surprising.

Messrs. W. H. Sherwood, Chicago, and Emilio Agramonte of New York, respectively the widely known piano and vocal specialists, arrive in the city during the early part of next week to conduct the examinations in their respective departments of work. Mr. Agramonte will spend several weeks in Toronto during the summer session of the Conservatory, during which time he will accept a limited number of vocal pupils.

A graduation piano recital will be given at Loretto Abbey on Wednesday evening next, at seven o'clock, by Miss Helen Mac-

Mahon. On Thursday evening a graduation vocal recital will be given by Miss Marion Chapin of the same institution. Assistance will be rendered at each recital by Mr. Schuch's St. Cecilia Chorus and by individual performers chosen from among the advanced music pupils of the Abbey.

Mr. Arthur Ingham, the talented English organist who spent some time in Toronto last fall and winter, and who subsequently was engaged as organist of Grace Church, Oitawa, has received the appointment of organist at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal. Mr. Ingham takes up his work at his new and more important appointment on July 1.

In reply to an enquiry which has been received at this office I would say that Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the well known pianist, is expected to return to Toronto in about two months.

Odds and Ends About Books and Such.

The Klondike boom, which is comparatively a back number for the present as far as newspapers and conversational topics are concerned, is just making its appearance among the novelists. David Christie Murray is one of these, and the *Critic* thus reviews his book: "Recognizing the great popular interest taken in Klondike, and all that district so rich in the material which arouses the cupidity and stirs the imaginations of mercenary men and women, Mr. David Christie Murray has given us a thoroughly up-to-date romance of the gold fever. In the beginning we are introduced to an astute detective-inspector, one Prickett, who has just been placed upon the retired list. Superannuation sits upon the man (as Lamb long since described it) with curiously mixed feelings of pleasant ease and irksome ennui. Suddenly, as he is walking down Bond street, he is pounced upon by a solicitor, and soon finds himself plunged in all the delightful mystery of a new 'case.' A clever scoundrel has possession of a silver disk which, with its missing counterpart, is key to a vast hoard of gold, the millions which are raced for, on the way to Klondike. Called in to help the villain masquerading as owner of the disks, Prickett soon, by remarkable means, lights upon their true owners, and is presently working heart and soul against the whilom General Von Felthorn and in the cause of his poor dupes. After a runaway knock at death's door the detective finds himself in full pursuit, ably seconded by Mary Harcourt, to whose pluck and perseverance the final capture of the conspirators is due. The 'millions' do not fall into the hands to which the reader imagines them destined, but Mary meets with another and better reward more in consonance with the demands of the romantic spirit."

Another book with the same inspiration is by a Canadian author. Of it the London, (Eng.) Mail says: "Mr. J. H. E. Secretan, C.E., of Ottawa, who went to Klondike last spring, making the journey down the Yukon from its source to its mouth, adds one more to the many volumes which set forth with more or less accuracy and particularly the life of a prospector on the new goldfields. His book, To Klondike and Back, is written to give amusement rather than instruction. Such technical instruction as it contains is condensed in an appendix which may be of use to intending seekers after gold. The narrative, which occupies the main bulk of the book, is a frivolous, playful and often humorous account of the difficulties and hardships encountered on the road, and of the tedious delays endured by the author on the mud flats of the Yukon river. Mr. Secretan's photographic illustrations help one to realize the nature of the inhospitable region which he so amusingly describes."

Italian newspapers claim that some papers have been found in a convent in Venice containing notes made by an envoy to the Republic in 1512. There is an account of the Moor of Venice, who was known to the writer, recording the arrival of Othello, his military career, his marriage, his departure for Cyprus, and his end. Shakespeare's hero undergoes a sea change in this account of him, and Desdemona is said to have long outlived him. Another old legend goes!

In an English journal noted for its fastidious style it is stated that a certain celebrated artist and literary man "often went to bed supperless and got up unbreakfasted." It is not to be denied that the former of these two hardships must have tried him sorely, but as regards the latter, it is a known fact that many people in Canada are heroically suffering the same six, and even seven, days in the week.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. London received a very large party of guests on Friday, the number including many University dignitaries and those relieved and happy beings, the successful students. And the hospitable house in St. George street was crowded to its utmost capacity—reception-room, library, hall and tea-room being packed, and from the French windows of the latter apartment the crowd over-flowed into a green lawn, with garden all in bloom, some of the most stunning poppies being much admired by flower-lovers. Mrs. London wore a black dress of silk, jet and chiffon, and was assisted by her sister, Mrs. Lorne McDougall of Ottawa. Mrs. Wallace McLean, who presided at the tea-table, was in white with bolero of turquoise blue and black lace. The buffet was daintily trimmed with alpine poppies in white and yellow, and supplied with every delicacy. Among the guests were: Miss Mowat and Mrs. Langton, Mrs. Arthur Mowat, Lady Howland, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. McLellan, Professor and Mrs. Mavor, Mr. and Miss Jennings, Mr. Greenman, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross, Mr. Don Ross, Mrs. and Miss Mortimer Clark, Miss Athol Nordheimer and her pretty younger sister, Miss Adele, Mr. Gordon Clarke, Mr. Alley, Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. McCaughan, Dr. and Mrs. Wishart, Professor and Madame Du Champs, Professor Bell, Professor Young of Trinity, Professor, Mrs. and Miss Ellis, Mrs. Macdonell and Mrs. Lynch, who recently returned from a lengthened visit abroad; Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. and Miss Macdonald of Cona Lodge and Miss Parfitt, Mr. Byron Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan and Miss Sheridan, Dean and Mrs. Rigby, Dr. and Mrs. Parkin, Mrs. Adam and Miss Wright, Dr. Thistle, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith, the Misses Mickle, Dr. and Mrs. Oldright, Mrs. and Miss Mason of Ermeleigh, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Colonel Cosby, Mrs. Matthews, Dr. and Mrs. Primrose, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Castell Hopkins, and many others.

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Frederick J. White was married to Miss Helen Mildred, only daughter of Mr. John Minto of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Lawrence E. Skye of Merrittton, Ont., assisted by Rev. W. H. White of Trinity College, cousin of the groom. After an informal reception at the residence of the bride's parents, Dovercourt road, the newly-wedded couple left for a honeymoon in the East.

Miss Jennie E. Williams and Miss Maude Snarr made up a programme of distinct interest and novelty last week, when on June 9th they gave a complimentary recital in the Y. W. C. A. Hall in Elm street. Miss Snarr's selections were particularly new and pleasing. The Monotone and Hunter and Shepherdess being received with pleasure, as were her other songs.

Miss Corby of Belleville, daughter of popular Harry Corby, and a charming girl graduate of the Ladies' Presbyterian College here, is fiancée to Mr. Charles Laidlaw of the Bank of Montreal, Belleville.

Mrs. Norman A. Sinclair is visiting Mrs. J. H. Irwin of Collingwood.

A Tribute to Dr. Oronhyatekha. The Foresters' Temple was the scene of an enthusiastic demonstration of loyalty on Thursday evening, when the Subordinate Courts of Toronto tendered Dr. Oronhyatekha, Supreme Chief Ranger, a reception and concert. The great hall was filled with members of the society and their friends, and the enthusiasm manifested when the doctor was escorted to his place by the Temple encampment could not but have afforded him a gratifying assurance of the society's regard for its chief. On behalf of the Courts Rev. W. J. McCaughan made an address of welcome. Dr. Oronhyatekha replied in a speech that displayed to advantage that magnetic charm which is the necessary attribute of a public speaker. It is needless to say the doctor was frequently interrupted by applause. Mayor Shaw was to have given an address of welcome, but was detained. A splendid concert programme was made up as follows: Piano solo, La Castagnette, Miss Maud Gordon; recitation, A Revised Verdict, Mr. J. W. Bengough; contralto solo, Sunset, Mrs. Mima Lund-Burn; soprano solo, Heart's Delight, Miss Dora L. McMurtry; crayon sketch, Ballad a la Opera, Mr. J. W. Bengough; baritone solo, The Queen's Letter, Mr. W. J. McMurtry; recitation, Jem's Last Ride, Miss Kate A. Beatty; soprano solo, For all Eternity, Mrs. John A. McGillivray; crayon sketch,

The Human Boy, Mr. J. W. Bengough; soprano solo, I Cannot Help Loving Thee, Miss Dora L. McMurtry; baritone solo, A Life that Lives for You, Mr. W. J. McMurtry; crayon sketch, Stories in Dialect, Mr. J. W. Bengough; piano solo, a La Lisajera, b En Courant, Miss Maud Gordon; contralto solo, a Annie Laurie, b Creole Love Song, Mrs. Mima Lund-Burn; crayon sketch, A Ballad of the Fleet, Mr. J. W. Bengough.

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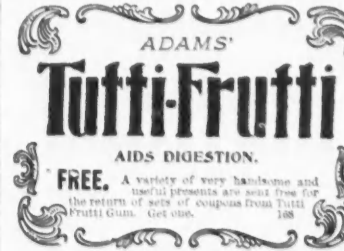
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Social and Personal.

Godfrey's Band in the North-West and Albany in the Antipodes have been recently setting the Thames a-fire. The date for the Band's evening in Goderich has been changed to next Monday, and we have been enjoying them here during the latter part of this week as a summer attraction at Hanlan's Point. The various medals worn by the famous Godfrey came under consideration at a club here last week. There was quite a difference of opinion as to where they were won. As a matter of fact, the medals have been presented to Mr. Godfrey from various cities on his route. The oval with the enameled chicken on it comes from Halifax, and emblazons the city crest. Another comes from Montreal, and one of the lot is the Jubilee medal of the past year. By music, not by lead or steel, has Dan Godfrey soothed savages, and he has been decorated accordingly. By the way, a discussion also arose as to why he is called "Lieutenant," so persistently. In the British service a lieutenant is always "Mr.," the captain's being the first rank recognized by title. However, Godfrey's lieutenantcy is a special title, bestowed as a special recognition of his services by the Queen, and therefore not coming under the rule governing this rank in ordinary circumstances. In the United States, lieutenant is always a title mentioned, and also in the German and Austrian armies one continually encounters "Herr Lieutenants" of various degrees of importance.

Miss Swinburne of Newcastle-on-Tyne, cousin of Miss Coates, is expected for the Campbell-Coates nuptials.

Mrs. Sweatman gave a "Synod" reception at the Sea House on Wednesday, which was largely attended.

PRESCRIPTIONS GALORE.

None of Them Any Good—The Druggist Said There Was no Cure for Catarrh, but Mrs. M. V. Rose has Proven that a Mistake, She Used Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

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"I have suffered many years, so much so that I don't know that I will ever be able to get it out of my remembrance. One day when I took one of the endless prescriptions given me by the medical men to the druggist, I asked him bluntly, 'Will this cure me or will it not, or will it be like the rest?' I was pretty nearly desperate, I can tell you. The druggist said, 'Nothing will cure Catarrh, I have it myself until I off on think of suicide. I take opium usually and sleep it off.' I took the prescription away unfilled, and went home thinking over what the druggist had said of suicide, and I was utterly disheartened. I have that prescription yet. Then one day deliverance came. A lady told me she had suffered just as I had, that she was nearly insane, and that a remedy known as Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure had actually cured her. I had read a lot about Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, but I felt toward it as I did toward other medicines. I took it as a last resort. I have used two boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure and found it a complete cure."

Halloway, Ont. (Mrs.) M. V. Rose.

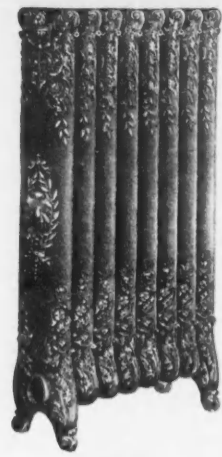
Now It's Summer Clothing.

It will be but a matter of days now till the popular takes on that restlessness which comes with the approaching of hot weather, and there'll be the annual getting away to the lakeside, seashore and where not else for a summering out, and with the desire to get away comes the need of replenishing the wardrobe with hot weather garments, and fashions are showing some very special styles in materials and designs, particularly speaking here of gentlemen's wear. Gentlemen have got just the absurdity of making anything do for summer wear, and are demanding of the drapers as absolute good style and as much style and quality in their outing dress as for business or social events. That the fact is appreciated by the draper is evidenced in the splendid range of distinctly summer woollens imported by Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, for just this particular trade, and he gives the most scrupulous care in the production of them, and adds that marked characteristic of individuality to all he makes that stamps them at sight as the most gentlemanly of garments.

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Twenty five ideas for a cent— isn't it worth your while to send for them and thus know all about the largest Radiator Manufacturers under the British flag? The originators of the Screw Nipple connection that does away with bolts, rods, packing, and absolutely prevents even a suspicion of a leak.

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THEY are yours for a post card—twenty-five ideas in Radiators. Each idea represents a style of its own for a definite purpose, for all folks who use (or want to) Radiators that won't leak, and give quick, positive circulation in a minute after the heat is turned on

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Tetley's Elephant Brand Packets, are filled with pure tea, selected from the crops of the best cultivated tea gardens of India and Ceylon. They are packed in 1/2 and 1 lb. packets, air tight, and sold all over America at 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. and \$1.00 per lb. No matter which quality is selected, the purchaser gets good, pure tea.

... THE BEST OF TEA VALUES.

Keep the Heat under the Pot

This summer—instead of having it all through the house. Buy an

Oxford Gas Range

OR A **Quickmeal**

Blue Flame Oil or Gasoline Stove

They're very economical, do away with all trouble and delay, and can be had in different sizes and styles to suit everyone.

OXFORDS from \$6 upwards.

QUICKMEAL Stoves from \$3.50 upwards—and they only use 1c. worth of fuel an hour.

Call at 183 Yonge Street, opposite Eaton's, and see them in operation. You'll find what will please you, and we guarantee each stove.

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HARKLEY BROS., 431 Spadina Ave.
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J. H. WARWICK, 238 Wellesley St.

W. H. SPARROW, 87 Yonge Street
GIBSON & THOMPSON, 435 Yonge St.
J. S. HALL, 1063 Yonge Street
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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Gregory-Lindsay, June 13, Mrs. A. E. Gregory, a son.

SMITH-JUNE, Mrs. D. S. Smith, a daughter.

INGERSOLL, St. Catharines, June 11, Mrs. Jane's Hamilton Ingersoll, a daughter.

REYNOLDS, June 12, Mrs. George D. Reynolds, a daughter.

Marriages.

BARRICK-WILKINSON, On June 15th, at the residence of the bride's father, 24 Grange Avenue, by the Rev. W. J. Barkwell, Elhel Wilkinson, daughter of W. L. Wilkinson, to J. Sidney Barrick, son of Dr. E. J. Barrick, all of this city.

CARPENTER-PHARO, On Wednesday, June 15th, by Rev. Alonzo Lettingwell, in the Church of the Advocate, Philadelphia, Herbert N. Carpenter of Toronto, to Bertha C. Pharo, of Philadelphia.

MOORE-VAUGHAN, In Galt, on Wednesday, June 15, at the residence of the bride's parents on South Water street, by the Rev. R. H. Knowles, R.A., Miss Josephine, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Vaughan, to Mr. George V. Moore, senior member of the firm of Moore & Co., Ltd.

McCALLUM-WESTON, On June 15th, at St. Mark's church, Parkdale, by the Rev. C. L. Inglis, Rev. James Douglas McCallum, of Combermere, to Beatrice (Felix), youngest daughter of the late Charles N. Weston.

O'BRIEN-MARKS, June 15, Alexander Q. C.

O'Brien to Emeline Lillian Marks.

RITCHIE-McLEAN, June 13, Philip Embury Ritchie to Frances Jean McLean.

SCOTT-ROBINSON, June 13, John Scott to Etta Robinson.

BURNETT-FERGUSON, June 15, George Currie Burnett to Helen Millie Ferguson.

SHANTZ-CABLE, June 14, Fred R. Shantz to Bertha P. Cable.

WHITE-MINTO, June 11, Fred J. White to Helen Mildred Minto.

WADE-MILLER, June 8, R. Osler Wade to Ida Maude Miller.

NORRIS-DUFF, Kingston, June 11, Collie J. Norris to Jessie Forsyth Duff.

Deaths.

FINDLAY-Hamilton, June 12, Flora McNab Findlay.

MASON, June 14, Eliza Mason, aged 76.

BULL-Hamilton, June 14, Mary Wilson Bull.

PROCTOR-Brighton, Joseph H. Proctor, P.L.S., aged 75.

SLAGITT, June 15, Catherine Malcolm Slagitt, aged 59.

McCALLUM-Laskay, June 15, John McCallum, aged 30.

WHITE-June 15, Elizabeth Somerville White, DOBSON-June 15, Eugene Donovan, aged 60.

J. YOUNG

(ALEX. MILLARD)

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DOMINION DAY

Round Trip Tickets will be sold between all stations in Canada, Fort William, Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor, Ont., and East and to but NOT FROM Detroit, Mich.; Port Huron; Buffalo, N.Y.; Niagara Falls, N.Y. and Suspension Bridge, N.Y., at

Single First-Class Fare

Tickets good returning until July 2

Single Fare and One-Third

Tickets good returning until July 4. All tickets good going June 30 and July 1.

For tickets apply to any Canadian Pacific Agent, or to C. E. McPherson, Asst. General Passenger Agent, 1 King Street East, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

FOR

DOMINION DAY

JULY 1st, 1898

WILL ISSUE RETURN TICKETS

Between all stations in Canada and from all stations in Canada to Detroit, Buffalo, Suspension Bridge and Niagara Falls, N.Y., at

Single First-Class Fare

Going June 30th, and July 1st, returning July 2nd, 1898, and at

Single First-Class Fare and One Third

Going June 30th and July 1st, returning July 4th, 1898.

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